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WE ARE HAPPY unqualifiedly to commend President Coolidge for his stand in refusing to countenance a ngo inquiry into the condition of preparedness of our avy and for his refusal to consent to elevation of the guns n our battleships. It is true that his action is partly due his desire to economize and only partly to his wish to event resumption of the rivalry between the great battle-ip Powers, of which there are but three left in the world. Whatever the motive, he has taken the right stand, and we e grateful to him for it. If we are not able to commend s selection of Ambassador Kellogg as Secretary of State, r that of the amiable but weak Mr. Charles B. Warren of ichigan as Attorney General to succeed Mr. Stone, we ust welcome, as we have in another column, the rumored omotion of Ambassador Houghton to London, and we nnot speak too highly of two of the President's recent dicial appointments. The promotion of Judge Learned nd to the United States Court of Appeals brings into a w and wider field a judge conspicuous for his integrity, s ability, his learning, and his liberalism. It is our hope at he will some day be promoted to the Supreme Court elf. The selection of Mr. Thomas D. Thatcher to succeed dge Hand places upon the bench a man of the same type— le, clean-cut, with broad and liberal sympathies, and a alization that the world does move. We are the more ased with the latter appointment because in making it the esident disregarded the advice of Senator Wadsworth.

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE of the President's "victory" in bringing about the sustaining of his veto of the postal-pay bill by one vote. One news agency says of this that it was "a signal triumph." Well, if it is we do not understand the English language. The President snapped his patronage whip as it has not often been snapped before and used all sorts of threats, yet he gained his point by only one vote, and that a Democratic one. Senator Dial of South Carolina, who has been rejected and defeated by his constituency, was one of five lame ducks to see the President through, perhaps with visions of good things to come. Yet we shall not be disposed to quarrel if the President does develop leadership. He will have to do something after March 4 to make a record. Up to this time he has been able to hide behind President Harding and President Harding's cabinet members, in so far as they have not been driven out of public life by public protests. Beginning with his new Administration, with his new Cabinet of his own choosing, it will be Mr. Coolidge's duty to show whether he can lead, and to match his wits with those of the leaders of Congress. And when that contest begins we shall see what we shall see.

THOSE INSURGENT SENATORS refuse to sit back and take their punishment as the wise correspondents predicted; and when they speak out, the public, despite its expressed taste for Mr. Coolidge, likes it. Senator Ladd the other day gave a brief and pungent history of the Republican Party, from which we excerpt the following paragraph:

> Having risen to power, secured the confidence of the people by reason of its great service to mankind in preserving the Union and abolishing the last vestiges of chattel slavery, the Republican Party became and is responsible to the people for the conditions that now obtain in the republic. Drunk with power, forgetting its traditions, it proceeded to centralization, surrender of the nation's money functions to financial buccaneers, surrender of the nation's taxing power to tariff magnates, a squandering of the public lands and natural resources, ventures in imperialism for the sole benefit of partisan satraps, still further centralization in usurping the powers of States to regulate intrastate industries, and transforming the government of the people by the people and for the people that was Lincoln's ideal into a government of the masses by the classes for the less than 5 per cent of all the people who have under Republican legislation and administration acquired possession of practically three-fourths of all the wealth accumulated by the labor of five generations of Americans.

Senator Ladd also castigated the Progressives of 1912 who are now so noisy about "party loyalty." Senator Edge, although fresh from his vote against the President on the postal-salary bill, defended the action of the Republican caucus in ousting the insurgents. This led Senator Borah to inquire pertinently: "Do I understand that loyalty means supporting a candidate to get him elected, and defeating him after you give him power?" After all, when did subservience to party bosses become a virtue in American political life?

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WHERE THE FINANCIAL RAKE-OFF IS, there is the fatherland. We are moved to this sententious remark by contemplation of the financial pages of some of our leading newspapers. American bankers have floated a five-year $12,000,000 gold loan for August Thyssen & Co. and a $10,000,000 one for Friedrich Krupp & Co. These were the men who made the bulk of the ammunition with which our boys were shot down a little more than six years ago. They acted in such an outrageous way two years ago —so our pro-French newspapers told us—that the French were doing just the right and proper thing when they sentenced young Thyssen to a heavy fine and gave long prison sentences to various of the Krupp directors. Did they not foment trouble and conspire against our gallant Allies when the French entered the Ruhr? Are the Krupps not the ones in whose works unauthorized military supplies have just been "discovered" by the Allied Disarmament Commission? What are we coming to? Where are our patriotic societies, our James M. Becks and Stanwood Menkens and all the rest? Do they not see that this is a deliberate Wall Street effort to make us all pro-German and put us into partnership with the German ironmasters, encouraging them to hold out against France and England?

LORD THOMSON'S ASSERTION at a luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association in New York that in his judgment the Germans have justice on their side in some of their complaints of the Allied restrictions upon German commercial aviation is of special interest in the light of the reports that unless the Allies change their attitude the Germans will shoot down French airplanes flying over Germany on the Paris-Bucharest and Paris-Prague routes. The Allies have restricted the size of German aircraft on the theory that the larger the commercial airplane the more bombs it can carry in war time. The Germans had to agree to this in the Versailles Treaty, but they resent bitterly the commercial competition with them of Allied airplanes of a size which they are not permitted to imitate. Hence their resort to threats of reprisals and their slogan of German air for German airships. During the past year no less than twelve French airplanes came to earth in Germany because of motor defects, or what not. They were promptly and legally seized by the Germans for landing without permission—the Allies lost the right to fly military airplanes over Germany without permission just a year ago. The Germans propose, especially now that their right to build Zeppelins has been taken away from them, to stop at nothing to develop their own commercial and mail aviation. Such disputes can and should be settled by friendly means. Lord Thomson is unfortunately no longer Air Minister of Great Britain, but the Allies would do well to act in the spirit of his recent remarks. There are enough causes of friction between Germany and the Allies without this.

"KING. OF THE SERBS, CROATS, & SLOVENES, 8s, 1926 . . . 86"—so reads the item on the financial page. If the men who buy and sell stocks and bonds have political sagacity Jugo-Slav bonds are likely to fall even below that 9 per cent level. For the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes is today engaged in persecution and prosecution of the Croats and Slovenes to an extent which must make the surviving Austrian Junkers jealous. Imperial Austria would hardly have dared arrest and threaten with death the leader of a solid block of forty deputies in the imperial Parliament. Yet Prime Minister Pachich is doing that Mussolini-act in Serbia. He has arrested Radich, whom the Croats as one man trust, and indicted him on a charge of high treason—Radich, whose creed is non-violence! Pachich's excuse is Radich's participation in the Peasant Internationale, whose headquarters are in Moscow. Radich's party he has declared illegal on the eve of new elections. The Slovene Nationalists are being treated similarly. The demands of these peoples for autonomy within a federal kingdom he denounces as high treason. And all this is done by a premier who a few weeks ago was himself in the opposition, combating a coalition of the men whom he now persecutes. Pachich owes his present position to the fact that he persuaded the king to dismiss Parliament, recall him to power, and call for new elections. Elections under such circumstances are obviously meaningless. But the circumstances are not meaningless—they are a prophecy of more troubles to come.

A BLACK GIRL working on a South African farm left her employment and went home to her kraal. The farmer drove to the kraal, took the girl back to his farm, flogged her, and tied her by the neck to a beam in a rat-infested outhouse. An hour later the girl was found dead with the tips of her fingers gnawed off by rats. The farmer was charged with homicide, tried before a white jury, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Such is the outline of a case that has shaken South Africa morally and politically. Details of other similar outrages have since been brought to light. These make it clear that equal justice for white and black exists nowhere in the Union—least of all in the country districts. Decent citizens and religious and civic bodies are becoming aroused; but Tielman Roos, the Minister of Justice, shows no concern. In an interview in the *Manchester Guardian* he stated his position with appalling clarity.

> "Impartial justice," he said, "does not mean . . . that a judge or a magistrate would necessarily give precisely the same sentence to a white man as to a native in a given crime. A very brief sentence of imprisonment to a white man means a great deal more to him than a very much longer term of detention to a native."

The chairman of a Negro mass meeting in Cape Town indicated the inevitable response to this variety of "impartiality." He said: "We have not got any trust in the white man along either political, educational, or religious lines. The salvation of the non-European lies in himself."

SOUTH AFRICA is obviously no nearer a solution of its race problem than our own South. Its overwhelming preponderance of colored people, their growing self-consciousness and sense of power, will almost inevitably engender fear and hatred and even worse forms of terrorism. And the picture of Georgia drawn by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois on another page of this issue leaves us little reason for self-congratulation. We still beat and lynch and flog and then demand continued respect and docility. An optimistic light, however, gleams from our lynching figure for 1923 and 1924. Sixteen persons, all Negroes, were killed by mobs last year, in contrast with 33 in 1923 and 5 in 1922. Even more impressive than that is the fact that 45 attempted lynchings, mostly in the South, were prevented by officers of the law; in nine cases armed force was used to repel the lynchers. The decent element in th

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South is making an evident effort to stop a vicious system and redeem a world-wide reputation for brutality. This year's record is at least a modest victory for justice and humanity.

IN SPITE OF SOME RETURN of tolerance since the World War we still have a long way to go before we regain the degree of free speech that was possible previous to that era of repression. A large majority of our States still retain the laws against "criminal syndicalism" which were rushed through during or just after the war, and as long as these inroads upon civil liberty are on the statute-books they can be used as engines of persecution. Such a law in Michigan has been upheld by the State Supreme Court and in consequence C. E. Ruthenberg, secretary of the Workers' Party, has been sentenced to prison for "assembling with" the Communist convention in 1922. His only hope now lies in appeal to the United States Supreme Court. It is announced that Robert Minor will be tried next, while William Z. Foster, about whom a jury disagreed in 1923, may again be placed on trial. Organized labor everywhere should follow the example of the Omaha stone cutters in demanding the repeal of all laws against "criminal syndicalism." We note also with regret that Carlo Tresca, editor of *Il Martello*, has begun his sentence in Atlanta penitentiary, although there is every indication that his prosecution (for publishing a two-line birth-control advertisement in his paper), was trumped up by Italian Fascisti in this country. And in Massachusetts Bartolomeo Vanzetti has been pronounced insane and committed to an asylum. It is not surprising that after a fruitless fight of four years for a new trial his mind has broken down.

THE *FREEMAN'S JOURNAL* dead? It seems incredible. That gallant Dublin newspaper will be mourned wherever there are English-speaking journalists, for it was always a daily to figure in the news itself, besides helping to create Irish history. Indeed, its story during the 161 years of its existence is so much a part of the record of Ireland's storm and stress that one wonders how the Emerald Isle can get on without it. Once the organ of Lucas, Grattan, and Flood, it was the trusted paper of O'Connell, Parnell, and Redmond. For a time deemed by the Irish a close ally of British misrule, it finally turned and placed itself on the side of the Irish patriots, whereupon its trials began. Its offices were raided and wrecked and sniped at night after night. For weeks at a time editors and reporters worked under fire. Once all its editors and workers were lined up against the wall by Black and Tans who raided the offices and beat up those whom they did not like. Even the final signing of the treaty with England did not save the *Freeman's Journal* from attack, for Republican irregulars soon appeared with sledge-hammers and broke up the machinery. For printing a picture showing the wounds on the back of a man who had been flogged by soldiers while a prisoner in Porto Bello barracks in Dublin three editors were arrested and sentenced to a year's imprisonment and fined $17,500, though their report was true and the photograph did not lie. They were soon released because of the resultant uproar in the British press. Perhaps this gallant paper has died of peace and quiet; perhaps it could live only on fire and slaughter, plots, counterplots, conspiracies and rebellion—all the fitful excitement of the struggle for free Ireland. Well, whatever its errors of policy, it is gone. We had as soon expected to chronicle the decease of the London *Times*.

GOVERNMENT LITERATURE is likely to be dull. The commerce reports are as earnestly statistical as those of the Department of Labor; even reading the words of the Department of Agriculture on the use of the soy bean seems a duty rather than a sheer delight on dull winter days. We turn from these with positive excitement to the utterances of the Department of the Interior. Here are romance and imagination only delicately seasoned with statistical data. A recent memorandum tells us the breath-taking news that 10,000,000-year-old dinosaur tracks have been found in Arizona. The footprints are impressed in rock near the Grand Canyon and show that the strides of these early lizards as they scampered over the triassic ledges were 53 inches in length. The feet themselves were 16 inches long and 13 inches wide. The figures are a bit disappointing. Ordinary human feet are often 12 to 14 inches long, and ordinary human strides reach thirty-odd inches. It hurts us to think that the baby elephant at the zoo can compete in size and stride with these fabulous monsters. But romance clings to the antiquity of the footprints, modest in size though they may be. Beside them even the owner of the 75,000-year-old necklace from the caves of southern France must stand in modest abasement, for here is age that makes all the ages of man only a flickering moment of time. It is comfortable, in the face of centuries reeling by in millions, to note that the footprints are located about seven miles from Tuba City along the Navahopi Road.

THE CLOUD WHICH HAS BEEN HANGING over what sport writers persist in calling "the national pastime" has burst in a downpour of printer's ink. Judge Landis, combination Santa Claus and Dutch uncle of baseball, has released approximately 20,000 words of verbatim testimony on last season's scandal, but it appears that the players had little to say beyond "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" and "I don't remember." The bulk of the 20,000 words belongs to the judge. After studying a few of them we suggest that the high commissioner take a brief course in Anglo-Saxon brevity—qualities which abound in the vocabulary of the fan. Yells of "Strike him out!" or "Give that guy the air!" are definite and comprehensible. "You big bum!" is eloquently unambiguous, to say the least. Any baseball player understands such phrases. But when a poor discredited outfielder stands before the czar of the game, saying "I want to know just where I stand," the judge replies in so many words:

> I simply say that taking your testimony and Mr. Dolan's testimony—particularly his testimony—as to what is alleged to have happened between you and Dolan, particularly his testimony, where a man is asked to tell me whether or not it is true, what you told me that three days before I asked Dolan the questions he had told you to offer this man $500 to lay down, and he answered me "I don't know," "I don't remember," "I can't recollect," eight or nine times, I say three days after the thing is alleged to have happened, do you get the point what that kind of testimony is worth?

And the ball player, who has only learned from experience that a straight line is the shortest distance between two bases, drops a bewildered "Yes, sir" into the legal labyrinth —and so the testimony continues.

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Secretary Hughes Goes at Last

THE happiest and most encouraging event in our foreign politics since the retirement of Woodrow Wilson has come to pass—Charles E. Hughes has at last resigned as Secretary of State. With what astounding suddenness this news has come appears from the fact that no single intimation that it was pending had reached press or public. Indeed, only ten days ago a most careful inquiry in certain official circles in Washington showed that everyone there believed the recent newspaper statements that Mr. Hughes would remain a year longer. How he could do so when it was plain that some of his policies were far from those of the President no one professed to understand. There was only universal agreement that as long as Mr. Hughes was permitted to remain in office there would be no progress along any lines except in some of the debt negotiations now under way in Europe. As to Russia, Mexico, our Caribbean relations, and the growing tension with Japan and China there was to be expected only a continuance of the present policies—all of them imperialistic and most of them dictated by big business. Oil and the almighty dollar were to rule the State Department as heretofore.

Now relief has come. Whether the President forced the issue, or whether Mr. Hughes himself found his position untenable, may not be known for some time. Whatever the explanation, liberals everywhere will rejoice, despite the President's discouraging choice of a new Secretary of State. For to our mind Mr. Hughes constituted one of the greatest dangers this country has had to confront. We would not for a moment deny his great ability, his power to state his case with force, his far-reaching legal knowledge, or his untiring industry in office. We have been happy to give him full credit for his brilliant share in bringing about the favorable results of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, and we shall continue to do so. We understand well how much his trip to Europe had to do with the successful launching of the Dawes Plan, and we have praised him for his stand with regard to our rights in the matter of German reparations payments and on the utilization of seized German property. We would praise him with still greater warmth for joining with the President in refusing to permit our naval and civilian jingoes to commit us to a new armament competition through the elevation of the heavy guns on our battleships. For these and other good deeds of the retiring Secretary we give him full credit. Yet we cannot withhold our deliberate judgment that the type of mind and the point of view which Mr. Hughes personifies are more dangerous to the welfare of the American republic and fraught with greater danger to our international relations than the machinations of all the Communists in this and other countries combined.

Some day a fascinating study of the life of Mr. Hughes will find its way into print if a sufficiently candid biographer can be found to deal with a man who gave early promise of becoming one of the greatest Americans. At the outset of his career no journal gave him warmer support and higher praise than *The Nation* and the New York *Evening Post*, then closely allied in ownership and spirit. For Mr. Hughes was an admirable and enlightened Governor of New York; in his insurance investigation he had dealt out an even-handed justice which spared none of the big-business offenders he brought to the bar. The insurance business remains under eternal obligation to him. In those days Mr. Hughes was democratically inclined, and until the fatal hour when President Taft offered him a seat on the Supreme Court it looked as if he would bring about permanent reforms in the political life of the Empire State. He fell by the same sin by which fell the angels—ambition; his laboriously erected reform structure collapsed by the act of its own architect.

Whether it was his seven years on the Supreme Court which produced the sea-change in Mr. Hughes or not, he yielded to the temptation to resign from the Supreme Court to go back to politics, and ambition has tempted him ever since. That he was before Mr. Harding's death a receptive candidate for the Presidential nomination, and that he still is to this day, is a matter of common journalistic knowledge. If this ambition is as legitimate as it is hopeless, it is in the rigidity of his narrow mind and the limitations of his ultra-conformist conscience, in his worship of the sacred right of private property (which he exalts far above human right), in his ruthless imposing of his will upon weaker nations, and in his playing the game of the international financier and the dollar diplomat that the menace of his official activities has lain. The La Follette platform told this truth when it declared that under him the State Department had been degraded "at times . . . into a trading outpost for those interests and concession-seekers engaged in the exploitation of weaker nations." We can deduce from his acts only that Mr. Hughes has become an outright imperialist at heart. He has continued our lawless military occupation of Haiti, Nicaragua, and other Caribbean countries; he has upheld the arrogant naval government of our own possessions Samoa and the Virgin Islands, and has advanced not at all the cause of Philippine independence to which our national honor is committed. Besides this he has displayed an unshakable faith in the divine wisdom of his every judgment and an intolerance of any dissent to match which one must turn to a Curzon or to the Kaiser of 1914.

We know too much about the new Secretary of State to be in the least enamored of him. Discredited by his own State when he sought reelection in 1922, Mr. Kellogg is but a conventional corporation lawyer with a dull mind. He achieved fame solely by heading the governmental prosecution of the Standard Oil Company which, through no fault of Mr. Kellogg's turned out to be such admirable business for the Standard Oil. If ever there was a subservient senatorial representative of the interests in Washington it was Mr. Kellogg. As for his reputed great services at the Court of St. James's and in connection with the Dawes Plan, all the information we have received from abroad is to the effect that they, in contrast to Ambassador Houghton's—whose rumored promotion to London would be well-deserved recognition of most admirable achievements at Berlin and elsewhere—are negligible. The Dawes negotiations went on in spite of Mr. Kellogg. We console ourselves with his appointment to the Department of State by the fact that he is without Mr. Hughes's great and dangerous ability and unshakable obstinacy, that he has probably been chosen to do what the President tells him to, and

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that the daily press is already prophesying that his term of office will be short. It is quite conceivable that, having been overruled and perhaps overawed by Mr. Hughes, the President wishes to be his own Secretary of State and has selected Mr. Kellogg merely to be his mouthpiece.

Beyond this the most cheering fact and the vital one about Mr. Hughes's retirement is that it enormously enhances the powers and opportunities of Senator Borah as chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate. That he and Mr. Hughes have been at swords' points at almost every place where they have come into contact has been as well known in Washington as has been the fact that in private conversation the President has seemed to favor Mr. Borah's policies rather than those of Mr. Hughes. Certainly the road now opens to the recognition of Russia, to the undoing of our shameful and criminal policy in the Caribbean, to the installation of civilian government in our insular possessions in accordance with American tradition, and to an immediate move toward a thoroughgoing disarmament conference and possibly an economic conference in Europe, toward the development of a real world court and the outlawry of war. We have already pointed out that in his latest speech Senator Borah has championed nearly every point which *The Nation* put forth in its program for the conduct of our foreign relations in its issue of November 17, 1920. We have had no monopoly of these proposals. In the main they have been urged by liberals everywhere, though our friends who stake all upon the League of Nations have been dissatisfied with them. But the point is that we believe that with Mr. Kellogg in the State Department no serious obstacle will be offered to the Borah program, and that with Mr. Hughes out of the way there is opportunity for sufficiently close cooperation between the President and Senator Borah to achieve a most encouraging forward-looking policy.

Catholics and Child Labor

THERE can be no doubt that the activities of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston in opposing the Child Labor Amendment to the federal Constitution are fraught with the possibility of infinite mischief for the church of which he is so distinguished a prelate. At his door is laid in large measure the unfavorable outcome of the referendum on the child-labor issue held in Massachusetts at the last election.

Whether one believes in the amendment or is opposed to it, there can be no question that in mixing into this matter as he did the Cardinal did his church a great disservice. He thereby justified those who insist that the Catholic church as such is active in politics in America and that its aim is the domination of our political as well as of our religious and social life. This has been and is a constant allegation of the Ku Klux Klan and those fanatical anti-Catholics who really think that the Pope plans some day to leave the Vatican—to take up his seat in the White House! People who believe this sort of thing have long declared the Democratic Party to be nothing else than an instrument of Rome. More sober observers have felt for years past that Cardinal O'Connell played too great a role in the party politics of Boston and of the State of Massachusetts. They recall that on two other occasions he has rushed into print to express his views on political and secular matters, as on the occasion of the last constitutional convention, and they have each time justly resented his intervention. Above all, they have marveled that the church itself permitted the Cardinal to dictate to Catholics upon matters which lie outside his proper sphere.

Fortunately for all concerned Cardinal O'Connell stands by himself both in his general outbursts on political matters and on the child-labor issue in particular. His fellow-prelates, like Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein, have wisely refrained from any public utterances on the child-labor amendment. But more than that, Cardinal O'Connell's opposition to the freeing of children from too early toil is in direct contrast to the position taken by the Catholic Welfare Council. That body has unqualifiedly supported the proposed amendment, and some of its members, like that far-visioned, public-spirited teacher and leader, the Rev. John A. Ryan, have championed what they consider the cause of the children in the Catholic press, in the daily newspapers, and on the platform. We believe that they voice the true spirit and the conscience of the Catholic church on this issue. We believe, too, that the bulk of the informed and intelligent members of their faith stand with them, and we are as certain as we can be of any finite thing that men of the type of those on the Catholic Welfare Council reach their decisions on ethical grounds without considering how those decisions will affect either the interests of their church or the propagation of their faith.

To Catholics like these it must surely seem that Cardinal O'Connell's actions are *ultra vires*. As we understand it, even so great a prelate as a cardinal is restricted to advising his religious followers within the territory in which he is supreme as to matters religious and moral. It is a wide stretch of power to declare that the question whether child labor shall be ended by State or federal legislation is really within the field of morals with which bishop or cardinal is supposed to concern himself. Whether we are wrong or right as to this is perhaps for others to decide. We have no doubt, however, that enlightened Catholics everywhere must have hung their heads when they heard that Cardinal O'Connell's vehemently denunciatory utterance on the amendment was, by his order, read before the altar in every Catholic church in Massachusetts at three masses on the three consecutive Sundays before the vote. If knowledge of that fact has not largely increased the ranks of the K. K. K. in Massachusetts we are surprised indeed.

We do not, of course, attribute any malign or unworthy motives to Cardinal O'Connell. He may well have thought it his moral duty to act as he did. To our mind—and we try to keep it free from any religious bias whatever—he made a most dreadful blunder from the point of view of his own religious organization. That there are many men of highest ideals and sound humanitarianism who differ with us on this issue we are increasingly aware. Among them are men like George Foster Peabody and Oscar T. Crosby, whose long records of public service and devotion to principle render it impossible to attribute to them any motive other than a high one. But they are not spokesmen for any sect; nor are they leaders in a church which is often most unjustly charged with subordinating the interests of its fellow-citizens as a whole to the desires of the clergy. Cardinal O'Connell's actions will, as we have said, tend enormously to increase these attacks and will convince many people beyond hope of reconversion that the Catholic church is in politics as a church for church purposes.

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George Bellows

IN the death of George Wesley Bellows America has lost her most spectacular and perhaps her most original painter. Certainly no contemporary artist has interpreted so fluently as Mr. Bellows the vast energy, the seething turmoil of the American scene. Although he passed as an artistic radical, there were, curiously enough, in his art all the elements that command the admiration of the average plain, conservative American. He dwelt in no ivory tower. His appetite craved no mystical gilliflowers. Like most Americans, he was impatient of the "arty" artist and his arid gospel of beauty. Unattracted by the conventionally picturesque, George Bellows turned to aspects of Manhattan which seemed mean or ugly or commonplace to the fastidious eye, but which to him were instinct with a raw vitality that challenged all his love of boisterous drama. He had a kind of journalistic enthusiasm for sensational documents. He boldly set up his canvas in any place that interested him. In Sharkey's gymnasium it might be, or on the docks among the stevedores, or where spindle-shanked kids swam in water polluted with refuse off the wharves. And by his unique feats of accent and selection, he carried realism to an amazing pitch of delightful surprise. Naturally these pictorial records were undiluted with either sentiment or satire. He accepted life on its own terms, whether in Billy Sunday's tabernacle it reeled up the sawdust trail inebriated with religious hysteria, or out of a waterfront saloon it shambled on the arm of a drab.

This rankness, this swaggering gusto in a world of raw savors would seem, to the plain American, comfortably remote from the rarefied atmosphere of highbrow art. Here was an art that had what he would characterize as "the punch." But along with the punch the American likes to see things done with an impressive air of performance: a President smashing trusts with a big stick, a "Giant" pitcher with a pretty wind-up and a "fade-away ball." George Bellows had a bagful of technical tricks and a highly developed sense of the histrionic. He was a man who could be watched with a pleasant feeling of expectancy. He would seize the high moment of an action and record its vital gesture with only the barest suggestion of the enveloping and irrelevant minutiae. He would never scruple at distorting facts to sharpen a dramatic accent or emphasize an important truth. For him, nature scientifically weighed and measured had naught to do with the processes of art.

When all is said, the genius of George Bellows resides in this: his power to evoke on canvas a world stirring with a mysterious energy. The life that palpitates in the pigment stings us into a startling awareness of itself. It is as though we were observing life with an entirely new set of faculties and participating in some magical process of creation.

At the beginning of his career Bellows's canvases were not accepted by the right-thinking orthodox as pictures at all. They were dismissed as extraordinarily "clever stunts." He developed rapidly in power of vision and virtuosity of technique. At a very early age he was the idol of the younger generation of American artists in revolt against the tyranny of the schools. He was overwhelmed with prizes and medals; his pictures were exhibited in all the important galleries of America. But he never grew smug and satisfied with himself. He was an experimenter to the end, restlessly exploring the resources of his craft, seeking fresh insight into the world about him. This restlessness and spirit of research he carried into his teaching. He had no formulas. He stimulated his students above all to express themselves. "Exploration, not adaptation" was his watchword. In George Bellows there passes too early—he was only forty-two—a rich personality, a fine craftsman; but his fresh and vital spirit lives on among us, creative still through the works he has left.

Mount Rainier by All Means

WHEN boosters disagree, who shall decide? There is always the League of Nations, and nearer than that we have bodies at home with a reputation for judicial poise. One such is the United States Geographic Board.

For years a battle has been raging between the cities of Seattle and Tacoma over the effort of the latter to change the name of Mount Rainier to Mount Tacoma. High-explosive shells, filled with propaganda, have been dropped to the confusion of most of us in the trenches. Now the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Olympia clears the air through sending out a report of the United States Geographic Board. This is sufficiently convincing for the war correspondents to be called home and peace declared.

It appears that the city of Tacoma exists mainly for the purpose of changing the name of Mount Rainier. Ever since 1883 Tacoma has had on the subject what the French call an *idée fixe* and our psycho-analytic friends a complex. Three delegations have been sent to Washington to induce the geographic board to make the change, and each delegation having met with refusal, a bill was introduced into Congress. Representative Sinnott of Oregon then asked the geographic board for its opinion. We quote its summary:

> 1. That the name "Tacoma" in this form is not strictly an Indian word of the Northwest, but seems to be derived from a number of more or less similar words used by the Indians of the region as a generic term, meaning "white mountain," and applied to all snow peaks of the Cascade Range from British Columbia to Oregon. It is not, in any of its forms, the distinctive name of any mountain.
>
> 2. That Peter Rainier, for whom the mountain was named, instead of being "an obscure person," was a valiant officer who attained the highest rank in the British Navy.
>
> 3. That the clamor for substituting "Tacoma" for "Rainier" as the name of the mountain arose in and is continually fomented by a group of citizens of the city of Tacoma.
>
> 4. That by means of propaganda emanating from Tacoma and carried on over a series of years, consisting of personal argument and correspondence, newspaper and magazine articles, lectures, and appeals to patriotic and historical societies and women's clubs, hundreds of people have been misled to believe that the change ought to be made.
>
> 5. That the agitation begun and so persistently carried on by this one city—as against the rest of the world—threatens one of the most firmly established names on the face of the earth and if successful would deal a death-blow to the stability of international geographic nomenclature.

Even the United States Geographic Board loses its scientific calm in that last sentence. But we hardly blame it. Why should all America be asked to stay after school and learn its geography lesson over again at the behest of a city with a mania for self-advertisement? Geography is a sacred heritage of childhood. Please leave it alone.

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Lenin Versus Trotzky

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, December 14, 1924

SOVIET RUSSIA has just gone through a presidential campaign. There were no silly national conventions, no radio harangues, no slush funds, no votes cast. One candidate was dead. The other merely wrote a book. The dead man won. Accordingly he, the dead man, Lenin, is to rule Russia for another Olympiad or more, while the author of the volume, Trotzky, fades from the political scene.

Three weeks after 1924 made its appearance Lenin left the living. Just three weeks before 1924 turned its last corner Trotzky quit the councils of the Bolsheviks. Thus the great duumvirate which shocked and inspired worlds is no more. But Lenin, though dead, lives, while Trotzky, though alive, is dead, or at least temporarily hibernating in the sunny air of the Caucasus.

What happened is simple. Trotzky published a study of the months immediately preceding the Bolshevik uprising which he entitled "1917." Straightway he and it were attacked by Kamenev, Stalin, Zinoviev, Bukharin, Sokolnikov, and by every pigmy in the Communist Party. At a given signal resolutions of censure for Trotzky and Trotzkyism poured in from every nook and corner of Russia and from the Communist parties of Great Britain, the United States, and Germany. Zinoviev told Trotzky that he was not a Bolshevik, and party committees throughout the land announced that they could not accept Trotzky as their leader. Trotzkyism, they said, was incompatible with Leninism, and they were Leninists. Trotzky did not even reply, either because he felt the situation was hopeless or because of illness. For opportunely enough the War Minister's temperature went up and defied the efforts of the physicians to bring it down. Also, to be modern, his glands struck. That was the end of the episode: date, December 10, 1924.

From *l'Europe Nouvelle*

Leon Trotzky

Leninism is not Marxism. It is the adaptation of Marxism or socialism to modern times and to the peculiar conditions of a backward and overwhelmingly agricultural country. It is Marxism as refracted by Russia, and is, to an extent, a guaranty that socialism will assume various forms in various countries. It is Lenin's greatest service to the revolution, for were it not for his pliability and his ability quickly to dovetail a given dogmatic precept with a conflicting situation, or to scrap a theory altogether, the Communists would not be ruling Russia. A mind less lithe than Lenin's, as stubborn as Trotzky's for instance, might have led Bolshevism to disaster. Above all, Lenin knew how to win the peasant.

A gigantic conflict has rocked Russia ever since the Soviet Government was established: the conflict between the interests of the peasantry, a class numbering 100,000,000, and the interests and ideals of a weak city proletariat. (Incidentally, the Farmer-Labor movement in America might study this problem with much benefit.) The history of Soviet Russia is a series of concessions to the farming population wrung from the unwilling Bolsheviks by its passive weight rather than by any political action. The first of these in which the Government really only legalized an accomplished fact was the parceling out of nationalized land to small private holders; the greatest of these, Lenin's most masterful retreat, was the New Economic Policy (NEP) of 1921, which permitted the peasant to sell his produce to private buyers and buy his goods from private sellers. Since then the task of the Bolsheviks has been to steer the ship of state between the proletarian Scylla and the peasant Charybdis, the latter being the greater danger. Thus, the entire industrial program of the Government is based not on the workers, as one might think it would be, but on the peasants. The problem is not so much how to pay the worker better wages as how to deliver cheaper manufactured articles to the peasant. In its economic enactments, in its internal policy, as well as in its foreign diplomacy, the Government's criterion is the mujik. For instance, Moscow refuses to pay the Czar's debts except on condition that the wherewithal for payment be derived from a loan, simply because the peasant will not submit to much higher taxation. And the slackening of the anti-religious crusade is yet another manifestation of Bolshevik regard for peasant sensibilities.

The working class in Russia is socialistic in that it forms part of a system of state socialism. The peasant class is petty-bourgeois in that it works on a capitalistic basis. Can the two live side by side in peace for an extended period? The Leninists reply with an enthusiastic "of course." The Trotzkyists say, "permanent revolution." This purely abstract question of permanent revolution is the crux of the situation and contributed as much to Trotzky's defeat as any other factor. The Leninists believe that the interests of the peasants and of the workers are not incompatible, and contend that they have already formed what Bukharin calls a "Workers'-Peasants' Bloc." The Trotzkyists, however, insist that the conflict with the peasantry is unavoidable; more, that unless the world revolution comes and unless the Communists remain ever on their guard against the peasants, the proletarian government will succumb to the blows of the agricultural masses.

To cope with this danger the Trotzkyists, in theory, envisage a war on the private-capitalistic, petty-bourgeois system of peasant cultivation. Agriculture must be proletarianized and state-ified and reorganized on the basis of artels and communes. In the meantime, in practice, the country must be exploited for the benefit of the city, the peasantry for the benefit of industry. This is the perma-

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nent revolution. The revolution does not end when the party seizes power. It ends when the proletarian government shall have proletarianized the non-proletarian population, i.e., the peasantry. Agriculture exists for industry and that agriculture must be industrialized is good Marxism. To this extent Trotzky is an orthodox Marxist; but Lenin was a Bolshevik—a Russian Marxist, in other words.

On this point, however, as well as on almost all other mooted points, the difference between the Leninists and Trotzky is merely one of degree. The sympathetic attitude of the Leninists to the peasantry is undoubtedly as desirable as it is necessary. Certainly the Soviets could not very well give less to the mujik or take more from him than at present, for practically the entire governmental apparatus and the entire industrial system is a burden on the back of the peasant. He pays the bills while the state and the proletarian learn to walk and work. To demand much more would be to antagonize him and no statesman would thus endanger the stability of the regime. I cannot believe that the peasant policy of the Trotzkyists would be less friendly than that of the critics. The whole thing is less a matter of practical politics in 1925 than of a program for 1950. In fact, in this, as in all questions, the position of the Leninists overlaps considerably the position of the Trotzkyists.

Actually the Leninists are as wary of the peasantry as the Trotzkyists. Bukharin admits that "to be exact, we have not a Workers'-Peasants' government but a Workers' government." And Zinoviev, whose striving is to out-Lenin Lenin in adhering to Leninist principles, is second to none in trying to keep the party as purely proletarian and as nearly non-peasant as possible in order thus to balance the political hegemony of the working class against the economic preponderance of the peasant class. But the peasantry is visibly shaking itself from the slumber which commenced in serfdom and was encouraged by czardom. Only lately Russian leaders have admitted that wider political privileges will have to be granted to the peasantry, probably by investing the village soviets with more power. The resuscitation of the Soviets, which are really democracies shorn of authority, is in itself an intriguing subject, but the very fact that the peasantry is striking out to add political influence to its economic strength bodes evil to communism. The peasants still lack organization, leaders, and a conscious program, but with these, they, the petty capitalists, would be in a position to crush the socialism out of any other element in the country. The permanent revolution anticipates and aims to prevent this contingency. Yet though Trotzky has been violently attacked for his advocacy of the idea, its essentials are neither foreign nor unacceptable to the Leninists. Only the latter would apply it with much more moderation. In fact, they are applying it this very day, but in a watered form, for they are in no hurry.

The regard for the time factor is an important element in the Trotzky versus Lenin dispute. Lenin was a Russian, an Asiatic. Trotzky is by culture and temperament a Westerner. He is impatient. Where the Leninists rightly boast of their achievements in industry Trotzky complains of the slowness of economic progress. In his dissatisfaction he urges more planning, the cooperation of more bourgeois specialists, less interference in industrial matters by inexpert Communists. But the Leninists shrug their shoulders and wonder why all the proposals, some of them distasteful in themselves, when so much is being accomplished.

Trotzky is a revolutionist by temperament, but by inclination he is a democrat in the limited sense of that term which excludes parliamentarianism. In the discussion of last year he insisted on democracy within the party; now, it seems, he would transform the Communist Party from the closed, highly disciplined order which it is into a sort of loose organization much like the British Labor Party. The Leninists want a monolithic, absolutistic party and are intolerant of differences of opinion within its ranks. Trotzky, on the other hand, is not averse to groupings within it.

The quarrel between Leninism and Trotzkyism, which is perhaps only another phase of the old clash in Russian culture between Slavophiles and Westerners, is of ancient origin. Lenin and Trotzky often bitterly attacked each other in the days of the emigration. Years ago Trotzky wrote: "The Leninists are a handful of intellectuals who, under the leadership of an unscrupulous man, Lenin, hold the Russian proletarian movement in their hands by dark means"; while in 1911 Lenin stated that "it is impossible to argue with Trotzky on essentials because he has no views," and on other occasions he spoke of him as an empty phrase-monger. Of course, all these petty squabbles were forgotten and erased during those five years when Lenin and Trotzky, working in closest cooperation, ruled Russia; yet it means much to Trotzky's opponents to be able to quote a condemnation by Lenin. Leninistic quotations play an interesting role in this controversy. Trotzky cites Lenin to prove his case against his opponents and they quote Lenin to the same purpose. Kamenev and Zinoviev call Trotzky a Menshevik; he calls them Menshevik. He charges that they underestimated the importance of the masses. They attribute the same fault to him. Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, put the matter aptly when she remarked: "I do not know yet whether Comrade Trotzky is guilty of all the deadly sins with which he is charged. This is an affair not without polemical risks. But Comrade Trotzky has no right to complain. He was not just born and he knows that an article written in the tone of his Lessons of October is certain to call forth a polemic of corresponding tone."

The struggle between Lenin and Trotzky has its counterpart in the struggle within Trotzky himself. In 1903 Trotzky was a Menshevik; in 1904 he left the Mensheviks; in 1905 he returned to them; in 1906 he forsook them again; at the end of that year he was back again. Thereafter, until 1917, when he joined the Communists, he was a sort of golden mean between the Mensheviks and Bolsheviks. But, and this is characteristic of Trotzky, he was always in the right place when a crisis arose. He was a leader of the abortive yet significant revolution of 1905, and he was at the helm in 1917. So much cannot be said of Zinoviev and Kamenev. They are making much of Trotzky's bad record, forgetting that he was more than cleansed by his services when the moment of action arrived, while they, though they held docilely to Lenin's apron-strings for fifteen years before the revolution, were found wanting in the decisive, crucial hour. This "mistake" of Zinoviev and Kamenev is the center of the controversy.

The discussion was precipitated by the preface to Trotzky's latest two-volume book, "1917." The preface,

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entitled Lessons of October,* indicates the lessons which foreign Communists can learn from the Russian insurrection. Soon enough it develops into an arraignment of Kamenev and Zinoviev and their fellows of the Right who, during that decisive half year preceding the successful coup, consistently opposed Lenin and sought to dissuade the Bolsheviks from seizing power. Trotzky very properly submits (and here Lenin agrees) that the revolution would never have occurred had the advice of Kamenev and Zinoviev been followed. Surely, from the Communist point of view, there is no greater crime. Kamenev and Zinoviev, and Rykov, Nogin, and Miliutin even went to the length of resigning from the Central Committee after the Red regime had been established, and insisted on a coalition with the Mensheviks and S. R.'s, a graver transgression than Trotzky's consorting with the Mensheviks during the polemical period of the emigration. Lenin fell upon them fiercely. In the *Pravda* he wrote:

> The comrades who left us acted like deserters. . . . Remember, comrades, that two of the deserters, Kamenev and Zinoviev, even before the uprising in Petrograd, appeared as deserters and strike-breakers by voting at the decisive meeting of the Central Committee, October 23, 1917, against the insurrection, and even after the passing of the resolution they continued their campaign at a meeting of party workers. . . . Shame upon those . . . who allow themselves to be frightened by the bourgeoisie. . . . We shall not submit to the ultimatums of small groups of intellectuals who . . . are practically supported only by Kornilovists, Savinkovists, and junkers.

Trotzky at that time was working hand in hand with Lenin.

Trotzky gracefully refrains from citing this and other statements of Lenin against his opponents, but Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Stalin have stopped at nothing in compromising Trotzky in the eyes of the party. To have limited themselves to the real differences between Leninism and Trotzkyism would have failed to impress, for these differences are minimal and largely theoretic.

Perhaps at bottom of much of the trouble is Trotzky's erratic, capricious individualism. The triumvirate found it hard to work with him because he would not subordinate himself to it as he had to Lenin. Trotzky is capable of raising a storm at a committee meeting and then flying out of the room in a rage only to throw the entire machinery out of gear. He does not readily submit to party discipline as every Communist must. Add to this the passive threat to the triumvirate's authority inherent in Trotzky's able, popular, and magnetic personality and one will understand why the Leninists are intent on breaking Trotzky's resistance. They would break him and then let him serve the revolution again.

Most of the Riga, Helsingfors, Berlin stories about the episodes were silly. Trotzky is not exiled. He is really very ill. I venture to say that within six months he will be heard from again. At 45, still a dynamo of energy, Trotzky will not give up his political ghost for any length of time.

* The Bolshevik uprising took place on October 25 (old, Gregorian style) and November 7 (new, Julian style).

These United States—XLIX*

GEORGIA: Invisible Empire State

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

GEORGIA is beautiful. High on the crests of the Great Smoky Mountains some Almighty Hand shook out this wide and silken shawl—shook it and swung it two hundred glistening miles from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee, four hundred miles from the Appalachians to the Southern sea. Red, white, and black is the soil and it rolls by six great rivers and ten wide cities and a thousand towns, thick-throated, straggling, low, busy, and sleepy. It is a land singularly full of lovely things: its vari-colored soil, its mighty oaks and pines, its cotton-fields, its fruit, its hills.

And yet few speak of the beauty of Georgia. Some tourists wait by the palms of Savannah or try the mild winters of Augusta; and there are those who, rushing through the town on its many railroads, glance at Atlanta or attend a convention there. Lovers of the mountains of Tennessee may skirt the mountains of Georgia; but Georgia connotes to most men national supremacy in cotton and lynching, Southern supremacy in finance and industry, and the Ku Klux Klan.

Now, all this is perfectly logical and natural. Georgia does not belong to this nation by history or present deed. It is a spiritual borderland lying in the shadows between Virginia and Carolina on the one hand, Louisiana on the other, and the great North on the last. It is a land born to freedom from a jail delivery of the unfortunate, which insisted passionately upon slavery and gave poor old Oglethorpe and the London proprietors many a bad night because they tried to prohibit rum and slaves. But Georgia was firm and insisted: "In Spight of all Endeavours to disguise this Point, it is as clear as Light itself, that Negroes are as essentially necessary to the Cultivation of Georgia, as Axes, Hoes, or any other Utensil of Agriculture."

The sweep of the cotton kingdom drove the listless, the poor, and unlucky back to the hills above and around Atlanta and kept on-coming hillmen from descending; while below Macon the great plantation system spread. Away to the south and west stretches this black land—the ancient seat of the cotton kingdom, the granary of the Confederacy. Swamp and twisted oak and mile on mile of cotton are neighbored by the new pecans, tobacco, and peanuts. Below and to the left Brunswick and Darien sleep and decay beside the water that looks on the Caribbean. Below and to the right, the massive flood of Chattahoochee parades to the Gulf with muffled music.

When catastrophe came, Georgia was among the first to see a way out. While other States were seeking two impossible and incompatible things, the subjection of the

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blacks and defiance of the North, Georgia developed a method of her own. With slavery gone the slave baron was bankrupt and two heirs to his power had rushed forward: The poor white from the hills around and above Atlanta and the Northern speculator—"Scalawag" and "Carpet-Bagger" they were dubbed—sought to rebuild the South. In the more purely agricultural regions this involved a mere substitution of owners and black laborers. But the development of Georgia was to be more than agricultural. It was to be manufacturing and mining; transportation, commerce, and finance; and it was to involve both white and colored labor. This was a difficult and delicate task, but there were Georgians who foresaw the way long before the nation realized it. The first prophet of the new day was Henry W. Grady of Atlanta.

Grady's statue stands in Atlanta in the thick of traffic, ugly, dirty, but strong and solid. He had Irish wit, Southern fire, and the flowers of oratory. He was among the first to incarnate the "Black Mammy" and he spoke in three years three pregnant sentences: in New York in 1886 he made a speech on the "New South" that made him and the phrase famous. He said: "There was a South of slavery and secession. That South is dead." The North applauded wildly. In Augusta, in 1887, he added: "In her industrial growth the South is daily making new friends. Every dollar of Northern money invested in the South gives us a new friend in that section." The South looked North for capital and advertised her industrial possibilities. And finally he said frankly in Boston in 1889: "When will the black man cast a free ballot? When the Northern laborer casts a vote uninfluenced by his employer."

In other words, Grady said to Northern capital: Come South and make enormous profits; and to Southern captains of industry: Attract Northern capital by making profit possible. Together these two classes were to unite and exploit the South; and they were to make Georgia not simply an industrial center but what was much more profitable, a center for financing Southern enterprises; and they would furnish industry with labor that could be depended on.

This last point, dependable labor, was the great thing. Here was a vast submerged class, the like or equivalent of which was unknown in the North. Here were a half-million brawny Negro workers and a half-million poor whites. If they could be kept submerged—hard at work in industry and agriculture—they would raise cotton, make cotton cloth, do any number of other valuable things, and build a "prosperous" State. If they joined forces, and went into politics to better their common lot, they would speedily emancipate themselves. How was this to be obviated? How were both sets of laborers to be inspired to work hard and continuously? The *modus operandi* was worked out slowly but it was done skilfully, and it brought results. These results have been costly, but they have made Georgia a rich land growing daily richer. The new wealth was most unevenly distributed; it piled itself in certain quarters and particularly in Atlanta—birthplace and capital of the new "Invisible Empire."

The method used to accomplish all this was, in addition to much thrift and work, deliberately to encourage race hatred between the mass of white people and the mass of Negroes. This was easy to develop because the two were thrown into economic competition in brick-laying, carpentry, all kinds of mechanical work connected with the new industries. In such work Negroes and whites were personal, face-to-face competitors, bidding for the same jobs, working or willing to work in the same places. The Negroes started with certain advantages. They were the mechanics of the period before the war. The whites came with one tremendous advantage, the power to vote. I remember a campaign in Atlanta. The defeated candidate's fate was sealed by a small circular. It contained a picture of colored carpenters building his house.

Hoke Smith in his memorable campaign in Georgia in 1906 almost repeated Stephens of forty-five years earlier:

> I believe the wise course is to plant ourselves squarely upon the proposition in Georgia that the Negro is in no respect the equal of the white man, and that he cannot in the future in this State occupy a position of equality.

A white labor leader, secretary of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, wrote about the same time:

> The next cry raised by the bosses and their stool pigeons is the "Negro question," and so we are often asked, How will the brotherhood handle the Negro and the white men in the same organization? Answer: How do the capitalists or employers handle them? To the employer a workingman is nothing but a profit-producing animal and he doesn't care a snap of his finger what the animal's color is—white, black, red, brown, or yellow; native or foreign born; religious or unreligious—so long as he (the worker) has strength enough to keep the logs coming and the lumber going—that is all the bosses want or ask. It is only when they see the slaves uniting, when all other efforts to divide the workers on the job have failed, that we hear a howl go up as to the horrors of "social equality." Not until then do we really know how sacred to the boss and his hirelings is the holy doctrine of "white supremacy."

On the other hand, once the laborers are thrown into hating, fearing, despising, competing groups, the employers are at rest. As one firm said in 1901, comparing its black labor with white: "Do the same work, and obey better; more profit, less trouble."

In agriculture poor whites and Negroes were soon brought into another sort of indirect competition. The Negroes worked in the fields, the poor whites in the towns which were the market-places for the fields. Gradually the poor whites became not simply the mechanics but the small storekeepers. They financed the plantations and fleeced the workers. They organized to keep the workers "in their places," to keep them from running away, to keep them from striking, to keep their wages down, to terrorize them with mobs. On the other hand the Negroes worked to own land, to escape from country to city, to cheat the merchants, to cheat the landholders.

Then in larger ways and more indirectly both groups of workers came into competition. They became separated according to different, but supporting and interlocked, industries and occupations. Negroes prepared the road-bed for the railroads; whites ran the trains. Negroes were firemen; whites were engineers. Negroes were porters; whites were mill operatives. Finally there was the Negro servant stretching all the way from the great mansion to the white factory hand's hovel, touching white life at every point.

Soon the subtle rivalry of races in industry began. Soon, to the ordinary Georgia white man, the Negro became a person trying to take away his job, personally degrade him, and shame him in the eyes of his fellows; starve him secretly. To the ordinary Georgia Negro, the

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average white man was a person trying to take away his job, starve him, degrade him, keep him in ignorance, and return him to slavery. And these two attitudes did not spring from careful reasoning. They were so coiled and hidden with old known and half-known facts that they became matters of instinct and inheritance. You could not argue about them; you could not give or extract information.

It is usual for the stranger in Georgia to think of race prejudices and race hatred as being the great, the central, the unalterable fact and to go off into general considerations as to race differences and the eternal likes and dislikes of mankind. But that line leads one astray. The central thing is not race hatred in Georgia; it is successful industry and commercial investment in race hatred for the purpose of profit.

Skilfully, but with extraordinary ease, the power to strike was gradually taken from both white and black labor. First the white labor vote was used to disfranchise Negroes and the threat of white competition backed by the hovering terror of the white mob made a strike of black workers on any scale absolutely unheard of in Georgia. Continually this disfranchisement went beyond politics into industry and civil life. On the other hand, the power of a mass of cheap black labor to underbid almost any class of white laborers forced white labor to moderate its demands to the minimum and to attempt organization slowly and effectively only in occupations where Negro competition was least, as in the cotton mills.

Then followed the curious and paradoxical semi-disfranchisement of white labor by means of the "white primary." By agreeing to vote on one issue, the Negro, the normal split of the white vote on other questions or the development of a popular movement against capital and privilege is virtually forestalled. Thus in Georgia democratic government and real political life have disappeared. None of the great questions that agitate the nation—international or national, social or economic—can come up for free discussion. Anything that would divide white folk in opinion or action is taboo and only personal feuds survive as the issues of political campaigns. If real issues ever creep in and real difference of opinion appears—"To Your Tents, O Israel"—Do you want your sister to marry a "nigger"?

What induces white labor to place so low a value on its own freedom and true well-being and so high a value on race hatred? The answer involves certain psychological subtleties and yet it is fairly clear. The Southern white laborer gets low wages measured in food, clothes, shelter, and the education of his children. But in one respect he gets high pay and that is in the shape of the subtlest form of human flattery—social superiority over masses of other human beings. Georgia bribes its white labor by giving it public badges of superiority. The Jim Crow legislation was not to brand the Negro as inferior and to separate the races, but rather to flatter white labor to accept public testimony of its superiority instead of higher wages and social legislation. This fiction of superiority invaded public affairs: No Negro schoolhouse must approach in beauty and efficiency a white school; no public competition must admit Negroes as competitors; no municipal improvements must invade the Negro quarters until every white quarter approached perfection or until typhoid threatened the whites; in no city and State affairs could Negroes be recognized as citizens—it was Georgia, Atlanta, the Fourth Ward, *and* the Negroes.

In return for this empty and dangerous social bribery the white laborer fared badly. Of modern social legislation he got almost nothing; the "age of consent" for girls in Georgia was ten years until 1918, when it was, by great effort and outside pressure, raised to fourteen. Child labor has few effective limitations; children of twelve may work in factories and without birth registration the age is ascertainable with great difficulty. For persons "under twenty-one" the legal workday is still "from sunrise to sunset," and recently Georgia made itself the first State in the Union to reject the proposed federal child-labor amendment. Education is improving, but still the white people of Georgia are one of the most ignorant groups of the Union and the so-called compulsory education law is so full of loopholes as to be unenforceable. And black Georgia? In Atlanta there are twelve thousand Negro children in school and six thousand seats in the schoolrooms! In all legislation tending to limit profits and curb the exploitation of labor Georgia lingers far behind the nation.

This effort to keep the white group solid led directly to mob law. Every white man became a recognized official to keep Negroes "in their places." Negro baiting and even lynching became a form of amusement which the authorities dared not stop. Blood-lust grew by what it fed on. These outbreaks undoubtedly affected profits, but they could not be suppressed, for they kept certain classes of white labor busy and entertained. Secret government and manipulation ensued. Secret societies guided the State and administration. The Ku Klux Klan was quite naturally reborn in Georgia and in Atlanta.

Georgia is beautiful. Yet on its beauty rests something disturbing and strange. Physically this is a certain emptiness and monotony, a slumberous, vague dilapidation, a repetition, an unrestraint. Point by point one could pick a poignant beauty—one golden river, one rolling hill, one forest of oaks and pines, one Bull Street. But there is curious and meaningless repetition until the beauty palls or fails of understanding. And on this physical strangeness, unsatisfaction, drops a spiritual gloom. There lies a certain brooding on the land—there is something furtive, uncanny, at times almost a horror. Some folk it so grips that they never see the beauty—the hills to them are haunts of grim and terrible men; the world goes armed with loaded pistols on the hip; concealed, but ready—always ready. There is a certain secrecy about this world. Nobody seems wholly frank—neither white nor black; neither child, woman, nor man. Strangers ask each other pointed searching questions: "What is your name?" "Where are you going?" "What might be your business?" And they eye you speculatively. Once satisfied, the response is disconcertingly quick. They strip their souls naked before you; there is sudden friendship and lavish hospitality. And yet—yet behind all are the grim bars and barriers; subjects that must not be touched, opinions that must not be questioned. Side by side with that warm human quality called "Southern" stands the grim fact that right here and beside you, laughing easily with you and shaking your hand cordially, are men who hunt men: who hunt and kill in packs, at odds of a hundred to one under cover of night. They have lynched five hundred Negroes in forty years;

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they have killed unnumbered white men. There must be living and breathing in Georgia today at least ten thousand men who have taken human life, and ten times that number who have connived at it.

Of religion as it exists in present-day Georgia one may well despair. Georgia is already religious to overflowing. Everyone belongs—must belong—to some church, and really to "belong," one should be Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist. Episcopalians are unusual, Unitarians gravely suspect, Catholics and Jews feared and hated. But all these are within the range of understanding and misunderstanding. The hottest of hell-fire is reserved for any so unspeakable as to hold themselves freethinkers, agnostics, or atheists. Georgia's religion is orthodox, "fundamental." It continues to wash its "miserable sinners" in "the blood of the Lamb," but the blood of the mob's victim lies silent at its very doors. But outside of the church religion has its uses! When the Ku Klux Klan sent out its official instructions to delegates to the State convention, the Grand Dragon said: "It is the earnest desire of Mr. McAdoo to elect his friend Mr. John S. Cohen as national committeeman. Mr. Cohen is a high-class Christian gentleman, a member of the North Presbyterian Church of Atlanta." No, there is little hope in Georgia religion despite a light here and there.

Nevertheless, there are brave men in Georgia, men and women whose souls are hurt even to death by this merciless and ruthless exploitation of race hatred. But what can they do? It is fairly easy to be a reformer in New York or Boston or Chicago. One can fight there for convictions, and while it costs to oppose power, yet it can be done. It even gains some applause and worth-while friends. But in Atlanta? The students of white Emory College recently invited a student of black Morehouse College to lead a Y. M. C. A. meeting. It was a little thing—almost insignificant. But in Georgia it was almost epoch-making. Ten years ago it would have meant riot. Today it called for rare courage. When the Southern Baptists met in Atlanta recently they did not segregate Negro visitors. Such a thing has seldom if ever happened before in Georgia. It is precisely the comparative insignificance of these little things that shows the huge horror of the bitter fight between Georgia and civilization.

Some little things a liberal public opinion in Georgia may start to do, although the politico-economic alliance stands like a rock wall in the path of real reform. A determined group called "inter-racial" asks for change. Most of them would mean by this the stopping of lynching and mobbing, decent wages, abolition of personal insult based on color. Most of them would not think of demanding the ballot for blacks or the abolition of Jim Crow cars or civil rights in parks, libraries, and theaters or the right of a man to invite his black friend to dinner. Some there are who in their souls would dare all this, but they may not whisper it aloud—it would spoil everything; it would end their crusade. Few of these reformers yet fully envisage the economic nexus, the real enemy encased in enormous profit. They think reform will come by right thinking, by religion, by higher culture, and do not realize that none of these will work its end effectively as long as it pays to exalt and maintain race prejudice.

Of the spiritual dilemmas that face men today I know of none more baffling than that which faces the conscientious, educated, forward-looking white man of Georgia. On the one hand is natural loyalty to what his fathers believed, to what his friends never question; then his own difficulty in knowing or understanding the black world and his inbred distrust of its ability and real wish; there is his natural faith in his own ability and the ability of his race; there is the subtle and continuous propaganda—gossip, newspapers, books, sermons, and "science"; there is his eager desire to see his section take a proud place in the civilized world. There is his job, his one party, his white primary—his social status so easily lost if he is once dubbed a "nigger lover." Facing all this is lynching, mob murder, ignorance, silly self-praise of people pitifully degenerate in so many cases, exploitation of the poor and weak, and insult, insult, insult heaped on the blacks.

Open revolt comes now and then. Once Tom Watson tried to unite labor. He organized the Populist Party in Georgia and invited the blacks to help. It was a critical situation that developed in the early nineties, when it was increasingly difficult to keep the Negro disfranchised illegally and not yet possible to disfranchise him legally. In the first campaign it was easy to beat the Populists by the fraud of "counting them out." Immediately thereafter the captains of industry mobilized. By newspaper, by word of mouth, by lodge communications it was conveyed to the white workers that not only would Negroes benefit from any attempt to better the present industrial situation, but they would gradually displace the white workers by underbidding them; that any benefits for white workers must come secretly and in such a way that Negroes could not share in the benefits. Thus immediately the emphasis was put on race discrimination. And this race difference grew and expanded until in most cases the whole knowledge and thought of the workers and voters went to keeping Negroes down, rather than to raising themselves.

Internal dissension in the labor ranks followed. The Negroes were then blamed for not voting solidly with white labor, for selling out to capital, for underbidding labor. The whole movement swung into intense Negro hatred; and the net result was that the white labor vote turned eventually into a movement finally and completely to disfranchise Negro labor. The mob shot down Watson's Negro leaders in their tracks and the only way in which he could survive politically was to out-Herod Herod in his diatribes against Negroes and in coining new variants of appeals to prejudice by attacks on Catholics and Jews. To his death he kept a dangerous political power and even reached the United States Senate, but with his labor party cut in two and forced into additional disfranchisement by the "white primary" he could not menace the "machine."

A second way toward emancipation may lie through dissension in the high seats of power. When in Cleveland's day Hoke Smith opposed "free silver" he was read out of Georgia Democracy and his path to the United States Senate was blocked. Immediately he espoused the cause of "labor" and made a frontal attack on capital and the great corporations of Georgia. The white labor vote flocked to him, and instead of the "white primary" being the ordinary parade a bitter internal political fight developed. Smith and his opponents quickly came to terms. In the midst of the campaign Smith dextrously switched his attack on monopoly to an attack on Negroes as the cause of monopoly, and since this old game had often been played he played it harder and more fiercely. He went so far that

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the State was aroused as never before. Race bitterness seethed, and white labor took the bit into its teeth. It demanded economic disfranchisement of the Negro to follow political. The Negro must be kept from buying land, his education must be curtailed, his occupations limited.

This was overshooting the mark and destroying the whole bi-racial labor situation upon which the Secret Empire of Georgia is based. Quick action was needed. The minds of the mob must be turned again and turned from political and economic thought to pure race hatred. Immediately the sex motif arose to leadership. All subconsciously, sex hovers about race in Georgia. Every Negro question at times becomes a matter of sex. Voting? They want social equality. Schools? They are after our daughters. Land? They'll rape our wives. Continually the secrecy, the veiled suggestion, the open warning pivot on sex; gossip rages and horrible stories are spread. So it was at the culmination of the Hoke Smith campaign. All restraint was suddenly swept away and submerged in wild stories of rape and murder. Atlanta papers rushed out extra editions each with a new horror afterward proved wholly fictitious or crassly exaggerated. On a Saturday night the white Atlanta laborers arose and murdered every Negro they could catch in the streets. For three days war and rapine raged—then the streets of the Empire City sank into awful silence. Hoke Smith became Governor and Senator, and the industrial and political systems were intact.

All these occasions of revolt against the present political and industrial situation have thus ignored the Negro as an active factor in the revolution. But he cannot be ignored. In truth there can be no successful economic change in Georgia without the black man's cooperation. First of all the Negroes are property holders. Sixty years after slavery and despite everything Georgia Negroes own two million acres of land, a space nearly as large as the late kingdom of Montenegro. Their taxable property saved from low wages and systematic cheating has struggled up from twelve million dollars in 1890 to over sixty millions today; and now and then even the remnant of their political power strikes a blow. In 1923 in Savannah a fight within the "white primary" between the corrupt gang and decency gave twelve hundred Negro voters the balance of power. Efforts were made to intimidate the Negroes. Skull and cross-bones signed by the Ku Klux Klan were posted on the doors of eight of the prominent Negro churches with the legend, "This is a white man's fight; keep away." Warning slips were put under the doors of colored citizens. In vain. The colored voters held their own political meetings, financed their own campaign, went into the election, and of their twelve hundred votes it was estimated that less than a hundred went for the gang; the reform mayor was elected.

I am in the hot, crowded, and dirty Jim Crow car, where I belong. A black woman with endless babies is faring forth from Georgia, "North." Two of the babies are sitting on parts of me. I am not comfortable. Then I look out of the window. The hills twist and pass. Slowly the climate changes—cold pines replace the yellow monarchs of the South. There is no cotton. From the door of hewn log cabins faces appear—dead white faces and drawn, thin forms. Here live the remnants of the poor whites.

I look out of the window, and somehow it seems to me that here in the Jim Crow car and there in the mountain cabin lies the future of Georgia—in the intelligence and union of these laborers, white and black, on this soil wet with their blood and tears. They hate and despise each other today. They lynch and murder body and soul. They are separated by the width of a world. And yet—and yet, stranger things have happened under the sun than understanding between those who are born blind.

A. Henry Savage Landor

By OSCAR T. CROSBY

WHAT can a workaday world do with flashing meteors and gorgeous comets? They seem to justify a charge of "drunk and disorderly" against the universe. How much more useful we find a respectable family of sun, moon, and planets, all moving in fixed orbits like members of a Methodist congregation! They can be harnessed to the astronomer's wagon and made to guide our ships over the black waters, our explorers over unknown lands. But the others! They frighten or delight simple Hodge as he gapes in the field; they puzzle the sage as he watches in the observatory.

Landor's history is as refractory to our usual formulae for pigeon-holing as is the orbit of the most erratic star to our equations of planetary paths. In all the 3,000 pages of the British "Who's Who" you will find no list of adventure and accomplishment more provocative of wonder than that given under his name.

The catalogue of his travels is formidable enough. Yeddo, Korea, Tibet, Nepal, Persia, Afghanistan, the Philippine Islands, Africa (across the continent), South America (across the continent), Morocco, China (Boxer Campaign), western front of the Great War—here we have an outline of Landor's wanderings. Incidentally of course, more familiar regions such as the United States and India were traversed as by the usual globe-trotter. Claims for discovery, as the word is used among explorers, are based chiefly upon his journeys in Tibet, Africa, Brazil, and Mindanao. Landor was not a student of other men's work. He was morbidly ambitious to be known as the "first white man" wherever he passed in unfamiliar spaces. What was new to him he declared to be discovery. As a result of this unfortunate tendency nearly all his claims have been denied or minimized, with resentment or with cold disdain, by more careful workers in the same general fields.

So far as I know his recital of adventures in Yeddo (or Yezo, or Hokkaido) did not arouse great opposition. This was his first journey of importance; its results are set forth in a spirited book, "Alone With the Hairy Ainu, or 3,800 Miles on a Pack Saddle." It contains more of hair-breadth escapes than befall most of us who have ventured far afield from the Thames or the Hudson. But I think its extravagances were forgiven by many as an inherent quality of the "artistic temperament." The storms of criticism fell upon him later when, in 1897, he bolted in and out of Tibet, without official blessing, either from his countrymen or from the outraged Tibetans.

That the British border authorities should discourage private ventures into the Forbidden Land is easily understandable. The exclusion policy in Tibet was well known to their neighbors. It was, in fact, due to Chinese influence at Lassa, where an official from Peking exercised certain

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rights of suzerainty. And, in turn, this policy had been adopted by China largely as a result of the Opium War, in which Great Britain had forced an unwilling but helpless empire to accept from British India the drug so long condemned by Chinese edicts. Whatever may have been the origin of the hermit rule it was to be respected until some worth-while occasion arose for making a challenge of it. In such case due preparation would be made to meet the consequences of an affront to the sovereignty of Tibet—or more exactly—of China.

Landor doubtless knew something of this political situation, careless as he was about all things save his own galloping whims. He must have known, moreover, that even in the absence of a formal exclusion policy, his countrymen have, in other parts of the world, found it wise to frown upon private adventures into disturbed areas where the mishaps befalling any white man become of political importance to the civilized Power holding next-door territory. Something of these familiar facts had doubtless been explained to him in London, since, as we learn from his book, his first intention was to enter Tibet from the north, through Russian and Chinese Turkestan. But some accident to a transport of his goods having occurred, he switched about and plunged in from the south. Of course he was cold-shouldered by the officials. He was, at all times, incapable of team-work with equals. In spite of all this, if he had succeeded in slipping in and out without turmoil, if he had reported only such treatment as befell Sven Hedin, or any other of those who have made the dash for Lassa, perhaps his real work as an explorer would have been seriously applauded, and British officialdom would have been grateful for having been hoodwinked. But alas! Landor came out with the most startling stories of torture at the hands of Mother Nature and Brother Man that have been told in our day. Most of us who have striven through the Himalayas have seen avalanches of snow or earth or rock—but generally they cause little trouble. With Landor, the rock whizzes past his head, the snow just misses his caravan. He is able to accumulate, in a few weeks, more blood-curdling risk than the aggregate of danger confronting those who, like Sven Hedin, may have put months—even years—in Himalayan or plateau travel. And as for man's inhumanity to man, he gives us more for our money than any story-writer in the most lurid of fiction magazines.

It is quite impossible to cite examples of contradictory extravagances without going far beyond the limits of this short review. We must content ourselves with saying that profound distrust in the man's character was created in the minds of all—or nearly all—conservative explorers, and of many stay-at-homes who noted only through "internal evidence" the constitutional vagaries of a brilliant mind—energetic in all things, but chiefly determined to appear in all things as standing alone.

Before I had myself been in Asia, I came upon a British officer at Khartum in 1899, who had served in Northern India when Landor went into Tibet. He was of the Information Service. When I asked him what he thought of Landor, he answered, "Oh! he is the common or garden variety of liar." This harsh judgment I hesitate to adopt. I saw something (only a little) of Yeddo; something of Northwestern Tibet, chiefly in the wretched uninhabitable part; something of Chinese Turkestan; something of Abyssinia, where Landor passed six years later; part of the Sudan; something of Mindanao, where he "discovered" a white tribe; something of Mesopotamia and the skirts of Persia. Based upon these intersections or parallelisms of some of Landor's more extensive travels, I conclude a hasty survey of his work with a great admiration for his rapidity, daring, and originality, and with a profound regret that his records are permeated with egoism, with carelessness, with straining after effect. I do not believe that they are valuable, because they are in so many particulars wholly unreliable. They will not be consulted by serious students of the lands he traversed. They do, however, present a picture of extraordinary accomplishment by a gifted man, untrained and without stable character.

I wish he had gone to Eton, instead of having had the abnormal childhood in Florence now depicted for us in his autobiography. A very un-English Englishman has now gone on another great journey, or has forever ceased his explorations—who knows?

Snow and Chamber Music

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

SNOW has blanketed Washington and incrusted it and slushed it ankle-deep and knee-deep, and not all the power of the most powerful government in the world can clear this snow away. It has given economy a bad name in Washington. There being apparently no appropriation specifically for snow removal, the snow remains on the streets waiting to be removed by the sun when the sun makes up his mind to do it. Meanwhile the temperature has contrived to hover for the most part at a line not more than a few degrees removed from freezing-point or melting-point so that the snow itself continuously hovers between being ice or slush.

"Now is when we need that Republican slush fund," said, or is said to have said, Senator Caraway of Arkansas as he prepared to wade through the glacial driftage in a gutter maintained by the more efficient of the two political parties. Poised on lumps of ice, the trucks of the merchants of the city leap off the lumps and with their chains smite exposed spots in the pavements with mighty whacks which the engineers calculate at so many pounds to the inch. Inch-wide holes appear. Foot-wide holes appear. The pavements will have to be repaired at a cost probably going well up beyond a hundred thousand dollars. The damage done to the springs and other parts of motor-cars will produce another huge item of expense. The population of Washington is thinking of going to the Bureau of the Budget in a procession bearing placards saying "Common Sense, Yes; But No More Economy."

It is noted, though, that even the most economical of governments cannot really entirely succeed in being economical when it undertakes the management of a municipality. Our federal office-holders recently have had great pleasure in rebuking American municipalities in general for the increases they have shown in their expenditures. "Look at the federal government," these federal office-holders have said. "The expenses of the federal government are going down. Your expenses are going up. This is very bad. You should stop it. You should be like us." So have orated the officers of our federal government to the officers of our local governments. Our federal officers, however, are re-

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sponsible for the government of the District of Columbia. They control and operate that local government. In this current fiscal year the appropriations for the District of Columbia have been some $27,800,000. For the next fiscal year the appropriations estimated by the Bureau of the Budget for the District of Columbia amount to some $32,300,000. This is an increase of more than 18 per cent. Officers of municipalities are now expected to be able to correspond with officers of the federal government in a tone not so humble.

It costs money to keep Washington the most beautifully treed city in the country. Even if we do not remove our snow we do clip and trim our trees. We spend some $78,000 a year looking after the trees along our streets. We maintain Washington as a city in a forest. The equilibrium of the universe must be maintained.

The federal government is bad at snow and good at trees. It now further is going to be good at chamber music. Obscured by appointments to the Cabinet of gentlemen who will be more or less as competent or incompetent as other gentlemen who might equally have been appointed, a really important and really delightful addition has been made to the activities of Washington by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge of Massachusetts in the course of her enthusiasm for chamber-music performances.

Mrs. Coolidge has made to the federal government a gift of $60,000 for a chamber-music auditorium to be erected in the grounds of the Congressional Library and really as part of the Congressional Library Building. She further is planning a trust fund of more than half a million dollars, the proceeds of which will be used for the giving of chamber-music performances in this auditorium, which will seat probably from five to six hundred people.

The federal government, in its Congressional Library, managed by the distinguished scholar Herbert Putnam, has a preeminent collection of printed music and also a considerable number of famous music manuscripts. Orchestra conductors in different parts of the country send to the Congressional Library for loans of musical works to be used by them in their studies. The Congressional Library has a musical as well as a literary and scientific national importance; and when Mrs. Coolidge gave chamber-music performances here last year in the Frear Gallery she gave them through the management of the Congressional Library and Mr. Putnam.

Pleased with this experience, she decided to provide the means for having the performances given regularly annually—and in larger numbers—under Congressional Library auspices. Hence her present gift for a chamber-music building here and her approaching gift for the maintenance of the performances which are to happen in it. Thus little by little, and more and more, and really faster and faster, Washington becomes a national capital in which the wrangling over offices and over laws is not the only feasible amusement.

We further are going to have a new beautiful—and ten-million-dollar—Lincoln Bridge across the Potomac to bind the North and the South together in Lincoln's name and in visible tribute to the unending ending of the War Between the States. This bridge will rest its northern foot on a spot near the Lincoln Memorial in Potomac Park. Even an economical government will manage to find next year some $13,000 for maintaining the Lincoln Memorial with its separate columns of State strength sustaining a roof of national unity. From nearby this edifice the new bridge will span the Potomac, and the memory of much blood and grief, to the Virginian shore. The exits from Washington, and its approaches, become worthier and worthier.

It is only to be hoped that as artists become more frequent in the government service they will not be seized by the Personnel Classification Board and arranged in hierarchical ranks like our governmental scientists. Or, perhaps, one could become used to "Grade Seven, Special Artist; Grade Six, Chief Artist; Grade Five, Senior Artist; Grade Four, Artist; Grade Three, Associate Artist; Grade Two, Assistant Artist; Grade One, Junior Artist," even as one has become used to scientists similarly catalogued and tabulated. In any case, the degree to which the arts are added to Washington is the degree of its true news advance from being a political capital and a scientific capital to being wholly a capital.

In the Driftway

AWHILE back the Drifter wrote a passionate protest against the hotel clerk. He visualized the perfect hotel, minus any clerk at all, and in answer to his dream the following letter came from South Carolina:

> Several years ago there was in Cheraw, S. C., a hotel after your own heart. The night train arrived about 11:30 p.m., or somewhere within an hour or two of that; it seemed to make little difference. You went up to the hotel, where, at the desk, you found a dim light but no human being anywhere. Back of the desk hung a row of oil lanterns and a row of keys. You lit your lantern, selected any key that pleased you, and rambled through dark corridors until you found your room.
>
> In Alandale, S. C., you arrive at 1:30 a.m., and walk three-quarters of a mile to the town. The procedure then is to walk around until you find the solitary policeman. Generally you find him within half an hour, but on cold nights it takes longer. You explain that you need a bed and he obligingly undertakes to find one for you. Together you return to the hotel, which is quite dark. The policeman, then, with his lantern in hand, roams through the building, you following somewhat timorously, opening doors until he finds a room with an unoccupied bed in it, and this is yours.

* * * * *

WHETHER this is a libel on the fair name of South Carolina the Drifter is unable to say. But the other side of the picture is presented feelingly by a correspondent in Pennsylvania:

> . . . At home, I walk a mile to save a nickel carfare. . . . In the city, I take a taxi. I tip the driver. As I emerge from the Pullman I hand my grip to a Red Cap. I pay him for three minutes' work as much as I earn in four hours. At the entrance to the hotel . . . the man in wine-colored livery . . . gets as much as I earn working hard at home for an hour. I enter the hotel. I gaze loftily as I pass through a line of bell-hops. . . . I fix my celluloid specs on the millionaire-looking young man behind the desk and say, "Oh, something at about seven or eight." My house at home costs me thirty-two bucks per month. The boy . . . takes me to steenty-two. He opens the window. . . . I call for ice water. At home I never use it. A gentleman in evening dress brings it. Surely to him nothing less than a quarter. Am I not rewarded? Surely I am. The last time I was in the hotel the millionaire behind the desk shook hands with me and the bell-hop called me by name. . . . I am but one of a vast multitude. That is the

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reason none of us gets a room for two dollars. We have no nerve. We love to millionaire it just for a day. Don't stop us.

* * * * *

THERE is evidently something wrong with the Drifter's appearance, for no hotel clerk has ever expressed the smallest desire to shake his hand. If one should do so it may be that he, too, would be betrayed by Success. In the meantime he wishes for the courage of a robust lady of his acquaintance. "You," she said, witheringly, pointing a finger almost too near the Drifter's eye, "are nothing but a philosopher. You aren't the sort that can deal properly with hotel clerks and taxi-drivers. Now when *I* take a taxi I step right up to the driver and say: '—— —— it, take me to 125 South Fifty-fourth Street and be —— —— quick about it!' [The Drifter assures his readers that the blanks stand for words not commonly printed in this paper.] I can protect myself!" Only one taxi-driver was ever known to make reply. He, as he reached hastily for his brake, was heard to murmur: "That's all right, but who's going to protect *me?*"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Morel Memorial Fund

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is hoped to raise a fund in memory of E. D. Morel, his work for the liberation of the Congo and for international understanding.

E. D. Morel gave the best years of a remarkably active and beneficent life in the service of humanity. He consistently put in the second place not only his own interests but even the interests of those dependent upon him. His emoluments had been for many years very much below what he would have been able to command had he chosen to work for money. He knew that his life was very insecure, and he must have had faith that his family would not be allowed to suffer because of his disinterestedness. We would like the fund to reach dimensions which would insure this.

It is proposed to hand over to his family any sum raised, deducting only enough for a memorial tablet in the cloisters of the "Garden of Peace" at Golders Green. Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, E. D. Morel Memorial Fund, Orchard House, Great Smith Street, London, S. W.1.

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ISRAEL ZANGWILL

London, England, December, 1924

Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There recently appeared in *The Nation* and other papers an advertisement by the International Workers' Aid, appealing for funds for political prisoners throughout the world. This advertisement carried very prominently a grand total of 383,200 prisoners in twelve different countries.

The American Civil Liberties Union, being interested in this issue, made inquiries to find from what sources these figures were secured. We learned first that a gross error was made in the figures of prisoners in India, which was given as 253,000 when it should have been 25,300.

But even with 225,000 prisoners cut off, the figures for all the countries are probably far above the number of those actually serving sentences for political offenses. The figures were collected by a bureau of the Third International at Moscow through Communist groups in the various countries. They do not go behind those returns, which must be pure estimate only, naturally subject to exaggeration. The International Workers' Aid, being a Communist organization, is silent on political prisoners in Russia. At least 1,500 should be added to the total, as that is the number of political prisoners of all sorts officially admitted by the Russian Government to be now held.

I do not want to minimize the extent of political persecution in the world today. There are, it is true, more political prisoners now serving sentences or suffering exile than at any time in the world's history. But that tragic fact makes it all the more important that statements of the figures should be so accurate as not to be capable of contradiction. Your readers will be interested to know that a movement has been started to get the facts by first-hand inquiry and to acquaint the public with the numbers of political prisoners, their offenses, and the need and means for their relief, where international channels are open.

New York, January 5 ROGER BALDWIN,
Director, American Civil Liberties Union

Against a Third Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A large proportion of those of us in the Middle West who supported La Follette cannot support the plan of organizing a national third party.

In a State like Nebraska, for example, with its 450,000 voters, there are probably 100,000 who vote the Republican ticket regardless of who the candidates are or for what the party stands. There are probably 60,000 who bear the same relation to the Democratic Party. Had George W. Norris run as a third-party candidate, he would in all likelihood have been defeated; but on the Republican ticket nothing could stop him. In other words, a third party is all right for educational purposes, but it is not a workable method by which to elect men to office.

Political parties as such are neither good nor bad; they take their color and character from the men in control. Parties are much like automobiles; they are the means by which we get somewhere. When one buys a second-hand car one does not inquire whether it has previously been operated by a bootlegger; one's only interest is whether or not it will do the business. So it is with the Republican Party in the Middle West. It is a political automobile with a good engine and capable of high speed. Political bootleggers and porch-climbers may have been using it. But what of it? We have the power to kick them out and take hold of the steering wheel ourselves. The direct primary is the method; it makes the voters the owners of the parties. The same can be done with the Democratic Party, but it is not worth while in most of the States west of the Mississippi.

Lincoln, Nebraska, December 3 C. A. SORENSEN

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Books, Music, Plays

Poems

Time's Wing

By EDWARD SAPIR

Time, Time,
Your terrible wing
On the low sky
Comes murmuring.

Dust falls like rain,
Graves pile behind you,
'Tis not the Lord
Can stay or blind you,

Nor I can run
Before your wing
With a coolness come
And 'straight swing.

To a Young Son

By SARA BARD FIELD

For me the feet of time stood still
Beside the place you lay with death.
My future fell asleep and will
Only awake if wakes your breath.

Should not the shadow creep away
After the crimson blossom goes,
A blot prostrate upon the day
Under the stem that held the rose?

First Glance

IT is not at all surprising that the present age should find itself fascinated by the literature of the Restoration. Far removed as we are from those four decades which followed the return of Charles to England, and changed in many respects as we must always be, we yet are peculiarly equipped to appreciate a generation committed at all costs to the witty life. The last few years in particular have seen a notable revival of interest in this perhaps most characteristic aspect of Restoration letters. "Paradise Lost" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" date from the period, and John Evelyn and Margaret Godolphin are two of its worthies; but the fashion is to speak of the pagan Pepys, whose diary has appeared in two elaborate editions within the past few months, or of the outrageous Aphra Behn, or of the cynical William Wycherley. The works of both Congreve and Mrs. Behn have recently found definitive form; "The Way of the World" is having a real run at the Cherry Lane Theater; so modern a poet as Mr. T. S. Eliot has been heard to say that his fellow-craftsmen can learn a great deal by returning to Dryden. And now almost simultaneously come two ambitious books on Nell Gwynn, the one by Lewis Melville (Doran: $7.50) and the other by Arthur Irwin Dasent (Macmillan).

The known facts about Nell could be put into a dozen pages, and with a few exceptions they have been common property ever since Peter Cunningham's "Life" of 1852, or at least since the annotated editions of that work prepared by H. B. Wheatley in 1892 and by Gordon Goodwin in 1903. Born in 1650 of a drunken mother, Nell spent her earliest years in the neighborhood of Drury Lane, where she was variously employed as a vendor of oysters, a drawer of strong waters in bawdy houses, and a decoy for such houses situated conveniently near the theaters. When she had hardly more than entered her teens she rose to the position of orange-girl in the King's Theater, and it was hence that she leaped into her great fame. Befriended for one reason or another by actors and managers, she joined the company and at fifteen was seen by the delighted Pepys in a leading role. She rapidly made herself the most charming actress in London, but her career was cut short by Charles, who, infatuated by her frank and pretty gaiety, established her in a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields and in 1670, when she was twenty, moved her to Pall Mall. She never lost her somewhat imperfect hold on that inconstant monarch, whom she survived by only two years. It pleased him to take her with him on trips to many parts of England; he gave her Burford House at Windsor; and there is a legend that he promised her "as large a slice of Sherwood Forest as she could ride around before breakfast." Of all his mistresses she was the most popular in her day, and she still is perhaps the best-liked lady of joy in English history. Three cities—London, Hereford, and Oxford—claim the honor of her birth. Streets and inns and houses bear her name. And Mr. Dasent, perhaps not in all seriousness, remarks that "her autograph is as rare as that of Shakespeare."

Faced thus with only a handful of facts, Nell's present biographers have had to resort to desperate means to fill their bulky volumes. Of Mr. Melville's nineteen chapters only nine have to do with his heroine, and even these are padded with moral exclamations of the sort most relished by habitual readers of scandalous memoirs; the remaining chapters deal with other mistresses of the king and with the state of the contemporary stage. Mr. Dasent on the other hand, inspired—as who is not?—by a profound affection for Mrs. Gwynn, whom he likes to regard as a kind of Cinderella, has gone out of his way to investigate the topography of the city in which she made so merry. His minute accounts of Drury Lane, Whitehall, and Windsor make his book much the more valuable of the two, though it is unsatisfactory enough. Both authors are surpassed as biographers by Cyril Hughes Hartmann, whose "La Belle Stuart" (Dutton: $5) tells a smooth and consistent story of the career of Frances Teresa Stuart, reputed, though not by Mr. Hartmann himself, to have been still another mistress of Old Rowley.

MARK VAN DOREN

The French Revolution and Napoleon

The French Revolution in English History. By Philip Anthony Brown. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.
Napoleon. By Élie Faure. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Napoleon and Josephine. The Rise of the Empire. By Walter Geer. Brentano's. $5.

EVERY now and then there appears a piece of historical work which so obviously needed to be done that we wonder why it was not done long before. Even the most elementary textbooks on English history mention the fact that the great revolution in France had a tremendous influence upon Pitt's

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government, but Mr. Brown's volume is the first attempt to trace the effect of that influence on the currents of social thought and the policies of state in Great Britain. The book itself deserves more than the space allotted to it in this review, yet it is impossible to refrain from a word about the author. Philip Anthony Brown, one of the most brilliant of scholars and the most winsome of men, after taking highest honors in history at Oxford in 1909 devoted the best part of his time and strength to peripatetic lectures before the members of the Workers' Educational Association, refusing proffered advancement in academic position and salary in order that he might fulfil his chosen apostolate of sharing the fruits of culture with his less advantaged fellows. Late in 1915 he was killed in France, before the completion of his thirtieth year. The unrevised manuscript of his book was left in the care of a friend in England to be made ready for the press.

Mr. Brown's work is conspicuous not only for its high scholarship but also for a literary quality and a wealth of allusion which bear witness to a mental equipment far outrunning the mere capacity for the exploitation of the mass of archival material indicated in the footnotes. His main purpose is to set the hectic decade of the 1790's in its true historical perspective in English history by showing how its radicalism both developed out of the reform movement which had preceded it and discouraged reform in the reactionary decades which followed. Particularly suggestive is his treatment of the influence of two important factors upon the complexion and the fortunes of the radical movement in England; namely, the economic fact of the industrial revolution and the political fact of parliamentary government. He finds only meager evidences of any plot to overthrow the British constitution by force (the Corresponding Society had collected 18 pike-heads and 4 battle-axes!), and he regards the state trials, especially those conducted at Edinburgh under the notorious bully Lord Braxfield, as a deliberate encouragement to national hysteria. It is true that Hardy, Thelwall, and Horne Tooke used unmitigated language. Tooke, the *enfant terrible* of the group, called the House of Commons "the scum, the sink, and the corruption of England." Yet the inquisitorial ingenuity of the prosecution could show no plausible ground for the conviction of Tooke on the charge of plotting to "overthrow the constitution"—unless that ominous phrase was to be interpreted as synonymous with the abolition of such abuses as pensions, sinecures, monopolies, rotten boroughs, corn laws, child labor, and a barbarous criminal code.

The zeal of prosecution might well have exhausted itself in the kingdom north of the Cheviots had not William Pitt, in May, 1794, asked for a secret committee to investigate charges against the various revolutionary societies of "seeking to promote a convention to subvert the constitution and introduce French anarchy." In analyzing the motives of the responsible head of the British Government, Mr. Brown accepts neither the interpretation of Whibley that the cool and sagacious statesman believed he was dealing with a criminal conspiracy of "the advocates of the lamp-post" nor the theory of Laprade that the Prime Minister was playing a subtle game of politics by manufacturing a panic in order to detach Portland and the Whigs of the right from their allegiance to Fox. Still Mr. Brown inclines rather to the latter view. Even if Pitt and his friends were really alarmed "they do not come off without some stain on their scutcheon." For "they mixed precaution against a danger genuinely feared with attempts to use panic as an instrument for the purposes of state" (i.e., politics). The whole discussion of this point is suggestive of the connection between certain activities of our Department of Justice about five years ago and the ambition for a presidential nomination.

The detailed accounts of the activities and trials of the leaders of the English revolutionary societies, which fill the middle chapters, are, after all, not the most significant part of Mr. Brown's book. That is the keen analysis, in the last three chapters, of the "iron age" of reaction, when fear and force, combining to repress reform in the government and generous impulse in the people, postponed for a generation the progress which gave promise of following the American Revolution, and piled up heavy arrears of the debt to democracy to be met in the mid-years of the nineteenth century.

Passing from Mr. Brown's book to Élie Faure's study of Napoleon is like leaving a bazaar to attend a spiritualist seance. We have been moving in an active, exciting current of humanity. Now the audience is hushed and breathlessly expectant, waiting for the "materialization" of a mighty spirit. M. Faure is a clever medium. He is an artist, and he summons before us not Napoleon the warrior, the law-giver, the throne wrecker, and the Promethean suicide, but Napoleon the supreme lyrical artist. Men have not understood Napoleon because they have not been able to understand him. Not being artists themselves, they have resorted to detraction and belittlement to bring him down to their level, beginning with "a little attorney from Marseilles, fierce and emphatic, sly and base . . . a strategist in slippers, who did his utmost to reduce the hero to his own dimensions with the idea of adding to his own stature." After this poetic compliment to the author of the twenty volumes on "The Consulate and the Empire," M. Faure proceeds to produce the real Napoleon. One cannot say to describe him, for the highly impressionistic, allusive, and dithyrambic language of the book leaves us rather with an aura of Napoleon than with the historic personage. Napoleon is sublimated. He is exalted above good and evil. He is no more bound by the laws of morality (which, after all, are only base counsels of expediency) than the artist is bound by the vulgar tastes of the herd. "Lyrical transports," "lyrical intoxication" are the phrases in which M. Faure describes Napoleon's state of mind. They were the inspiration of his greatness. And the "intoxication," or the colossal auto-intoxication, of the man was his supreme glory.

It is difficult to read with patience page after page of this paean of prejudice, this unrelieved presumption of the supreme value of self-assertion regardless of its aims or methods. "Everything which in the majority of men is regarded as vicious may be virtuous where he is concerned, if it becomes active mastery capable of bearing fruit"—whatever the fruit may be! By this astounding canon of pragmatism all Napoleon's acts are judged, and judged good: enforced plebiscites, broken faith, the massacres of Jaffa, the murder of Enghien, the mire of the court at Fontainebleau, the holocausts of the boys of France to save his tottering throne. "He confuses the fate of men with his own fate; and for the first time, doubtless, since the vagabond of Galilee, he is right." Is this not the utter "lyrical intoxication" of blasphemy? Napoleon might, sarcastically remarks M. Faure, have put a definite end to the war after Marengo and "continued the work of the Consulate to the end of his life, administering justice, opening up ports, cutting canals, launching ships, making roads, until he had died from an apoplectic fit in the midst of his council at the age of sixty-six. Obviously, he would then have left an unassailable impression on the memory of all the irresponsible trustees of the happiness of mankind, but he would not have lighted in the imagination of those few men who are responsible for the grandeur of mankind the fire which nourishes them." M. Faure would have done well to mention those few men whose imaginations have been lighted at the torch of Napoleon Bonaparte. The first name that occurs to us is the charlatan of the Second Empire. We prefer the kind of light shed on the imaginations of men by George Washington, who quitted his work in the midst of his council just before he became sixty-six.

Of Mr. Geer's book little need be said. In spite of the order of the names in the title, the book is really a biography of Josephine. Mr. Geer declares that he "holds no brief either for the prosecution or the defense," but wishes to "depict Josephine as she was and leave to the reader to decide as to her goodness." Nevertheless one gets the distinct impression from Mr. Geer's pages that he is chiefly concerned to combat what he considers the scandalous interpretation of the empress in Joseph Turquan's "L'Impératrice Josephine" without going to the extremes of flattery in which Imbert de Saint-Amand in-

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dulges. Mr. Geer's narrative moves along smoothly and reveals the competency of the writer in the field of Napoleonic studies. But it contributes nothing in the way of material beyond what we already have in the biographies of Josephine by Turquan, Saint-Amand, Masson, and Ober, and in Hall's translation of Napoleon's letters to Josephine.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

Earth's Diurnal Course

The Peasants. A Novel in Four Volumes. By Ladislas Reymont. Translated from the Polish by Michael H. Dziewicki. Vol. I, *Autumn.* Vol. II, *Winter.* Alfred A. Knopf. Each $2.50.

IF one may judge from the two volumes already published, "The Peasants" is a work which will be read with growing respect. It is obviously intended to present a complete panorama of the life of the Polish peasant, and it gathers force somewhat slowly because it is planned upon a truly gigantic scale; but the interest mounts steadily, and one finishes the instalments already published with the feeling that from the first page to the last there has been slowly built up a structure which becomes more and more impressive as it is seen more and more as a whole. Seldom has a book been written with an air of more calm or unhurried confidence. The author seems to have unlimited time at his disposal and (what is a good deal more important) to know exactly what he intends to do with it. At first he seems to begin almost at random, so that the imagination of the reader hardly knows what to do with the profusion of material which is given it. Gradually, however, the innumerable details relate themselves one to another. The village and its life take on a solid substantiality; one is in the presence of a microcosm of whose definite existence there can be no doubt.

Whatever greatness or defects the finished work may reveal, one thing is sure: the novel is an amazing piece of literary architecture. It is not always possible to see the relations of the parts to one another, because the framework upon which they are organized is not always evident to the mind; but what the reader does not see he feels. The author has conceived and held in his mind some plan of articulation as effective as it is complicated. The various activities of the village—its feasts, its ceremonies, its labors, and its tragedies—seem to belong to some living whole, and it is this community existence which the author has managed to dramatize. The novel has its central characters, but in actuality it is not about them that the interest centers. The whole of which they are a part is the real subject of the book. They are merely one of the means by which this whole is typified. It is peasant life, not the life of any particular peasant, which Reymont is treating.

It is not particularly easy in the case of so objective a book to discover in what particular need of his own soul the author found the impulse to reconstruct imaginatively this world which he seems to know so well. Nothing would lead one to suspect that he was, like Hamsun, seeking peace for his own too complicated temperament or, like Nexö, sustained by a definite sociological purpose. He does not, in the ordinary sense, idealize; and if he has a thesis capable of being stated in intellectual terms the two volumes available do not reveal it. Yet there is some unifying conception, poetic rather than intellectual, which gives a soul to his work. Once, speaking of his heroine, he writes a paragraph so different in manner from his usual utterance as to arrest the attention immediately, and in it, perhaps, may be found the key to his mood:

> For Yagna's soul was even as that earth; as that earth, it had its abysses, dreamy, chaotic, known to none. Vast it was, but unconscious of its own vastness; mighty, yet without either will or desire or longing—inanimate, yet immortal; like that earth, too, swept by every blast that took hold of her, and seized upon her, and did with her whatever it listed. And likewise, in the springtime, the warm sun would awake her, and flood her with life, and fill her with the quivering flame of desire and love. . . . Such was that hallowed earth; such was the soul of Yagna, like unto that same earth.

Beneath this rather commonplace metaphor in which the soul of an undeveloped girl is compared to a field as yet unwarmed by the sun there lies also a poetic idea—the identification of the peasant girl with the soil from which she sprang; and to the constant unobtrusive implication of this identification the book owes the majesty which clings about it. That the four volumes are given the names of the four seasons is no accident or affectation. Throughout the entire action the movements of nature—the recurrent seasons and their appropriate phenomena—are integrated with the activities of man. The recurrent pains and pleasures of the peasants keep step with the mighty rhythm of the earth. Reymont sees his people as something at once less and more than individuals; he sees them as natural phenomena, parts of the great whole in which the mighty swing of the earth about the sun is linked in inseparable union with the bursting of the smallest bud upon the tiniest herb. Essentially Christian though his ethical scheme seems to be, there is something pantheistic in his feeling for the oneness of all nature. No ancient could have conceived a work of art composed of such an infinitude of details, though when Theocritus described his shepherds or Lucretius addressed his prayer to the mighty mother of all things each was moved, I think, by a sense of the unity of the universe not essentially different from that which has animated the author of "The Peasants."

There are signs to indicate that the story, properly so called, of the central characters is to occupy a place of increasing importance. Perhaps it will come in the end to seem the center of the reader's interest, but the total impression of the book will remain, I think, the one just described; and it will be great, less as a novel in the ordinary sense than as a remarkably sustained development of an essentially poetic, almost religious, idea.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Woman in the Sunbonnet

The Woman on the Farm. By Mary Meek Atkeson. The Century Company. $2.

WHEN the sun has sunk beyond the last field of wheat and the wind whispers ironically through the new vegetation of Mr. Haldane that is to make "food cheap as sawdust," will men still remember with affection the way of life of an America that still earned its bread in the sweat of its brow? Probably not. Farming then will doubtless seem only to have been a tragic waste of effort, necessary because men strangely refused to see the almost wanton willingness of nature to be exploited. It may even be that ours is the last generation to have any penetrating awareness of nostalgia for the soil. But if there is any grace at all in posterity it will reverence at least one figure out of its fabulous ancestry—the woman of the farm.

A life so wealthy with the richest experience common to the race, both gay and grinding, there never could have been. And in every real sense rural America—the America of all the years before the nineteen-hundreds—was a woman's world. She shaped its ends; its virtues were her virtues; and the activities beyond its walls and gardens, out in the fields, were contributory activities, subordinate to the purpose of the home. Even yet, in apartment-house America, women seem, to foreigners, almost foolishly revered. But that will pass.

A daughter was a household treasure then, believed to be worthy of a first-rate training consonant with her future importance as the mistress of a home. She got it, too; so that when she formed her partnership with a young man who was to work in the fields about her house and to be the father of her children, and so became the mistress, suddenly, of a complex social institution of her own, she came to her work with a full-

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developed craftsmanship. She gave herself to her tasks with the familiar abandoned devotion of a master craftsman too; so much so that the hazards of her occupation made her life a risky one. The record stands in grim legends on the gravestones of country cemeteries. Asa had always, it seems, Jane to wife for twenty years and Maria for yet another twenty, Jane having borne five boys and six girls and died at thirty-eight.

This suffering and early death of society's most valuable and best-loved figure did not escape notice. More than one observer of the American scene wished for his women a life that should run as deep and full as this one, yet not require this final sacrifice. Miss Atkeson's book looks in that direction. It shows one thing at least: so long as farm life does persist at all the lot of its women will grow easier, though perhaps too their commanding stature will diminish. There is the tragedy of all social change in this. Only when a culture has passed its zenith does it become civilized.

One factor in the meliorative movement is the analysis and the slow reconstruction of household management now going on. Miss Atkeson succeeds in describing this, though she alienates her reader early by a certain incorrigible effusiveness about the minor beauties of country life. If any single observation is true about day-to-day life anywhere it is that one who lives it becomes anaesthetic to its qualities; and this is as true of farmers as of other people. If the deep serenity of country landscape and the natural rhythms of recurring seasonal change minister to the human spirit, the ministry is carried on with less hysterical awareness than Miss Atkeson seems to think. The twittering birds and dewy grass in this book show that its author has not learned to discipline a somewhat romantic temperament; they are a little out of place when addressed to plain women who are used to sinks and woodsheds and husbands with a certain stablish smell.

In one large matter she is right, however. She sees the hectic activities of city women as poor substitutes for the realities country women have always had. And she invokes gargantuan laughter at the spectacle of city women trying to "do something for" their country sisters. Luckily farm women value these activities at a deflated rating. They see the difficulties ahead of them well enough; but an astonishing number do not want to move to the city. It is the men who want to move; the women, curiously, do not yet despair. Indeed, most of them are pathetically determined to maintain a passing rural tradition. Such a woman was that wife of Charles Sewell from "eighty acres in Indiana" who broke in a little roughly upon the smooth deliberations of the experts at the President's Agricultural Conference in 1922, saying: "Back in the country districts all over the United States there are country women waiting to hear what you do here this afternoon. . . ."

The writer, for one, has often wondered what Mrs. Sewell thought of the rest of that conference and of the Congress which afterward shelved every last one of its not very drastic recommendations. And he wonders now how a woman like Mrs. Sewell takes a book of trivial advice like Miss Atkeson's. There is something in it calculated to make life kinder to wise women from eighty acres in Indiana, but not much.

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Good Intentions

The Lazy Colon. By Charles M. Campbell and Albert K. Detwiller. The Education Press. $2.

THIS is an ambitious book with a foreword and an afterword. In the former the authors explain that scientific language is incomprehensible to the layman, that even the doctor who specializes in gastro-enterology "can hardly be expected to possibly lessen the value of his services and the dignity of his position by baring his knowledge and its mysteries to the patient." Therefore the authors have consented to act as translators of the best scientific mind so that the wayfaring man cannot go wrong—"all from the best sources, duly acknowledged in each case, reinforced by footnotes giving biographical data to show who the authority really is and the credence to which he is entitled, with the latest methods successfully adopted for fighting this scourge, and all for less than the *cost of one visit to the family physician.*"

Gastro-enterology is not an exact science. Its most carefully trained practitioners must study each individual as a separate problem in order to get results. Such a study may take at least a week and sometimes it takes longer. If this be so with the trained expert, how can a lay individual be taught by reading a book to diagnose and treat intestinal disease? "The Lazy Colon" as a translation loses much. It is filled with scientific terms for which it gives dictionary definitions in parentheses, and these definitions often are more confusing than the original word. As a work of popular education it is if anything too thorough. For instance, it quotes both sides of the dispute on such a simple subject as water-drinking. If authorities cannot agree on this, how can laymen decide? Again, in the chapter entitled The Greatest Menace of All, the authors quote Kellogg as saying: "The average American citizen considers himself a model of regularity if he has one bowel movement daily without the use of drugs, but it is no exaggeration to say that the said average adult is suffering from intestinal toxemia"; while in another chapter Hurst has said the exact opposite of this. The principal error of the authors is that they assume all colons to be lazy. Many are made so only by constant purgings, washings, worry, and bad hygiene. If instead of abusing the colon thus the citizen will lead a sane life there will be no need for him to concern himself with such a book as "The Lazy Colon."

EUGENE R. KRAUS

Books in Brief

Scholarship and Other Essays. By Calvin Thomas. With a sketch of Professor Thomas's Life and Work by W. A. Braun. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

With the exception of two numbers which appeared more than a decade ago—a delightful little skit on the vagaries of philological text criticism and a truly noble address delivered at an annual Columbia University Commemoration Service—none of the papers included in this posthumous volume had been intended by the author for publication. The editors, in selecting these thirteen pieces as a fitting memorial to him, were guided by the desire to put on record the great variety and wide scope of his scholarly and human interest. They are to be congratulated upon their choice. For everyone of these selections, from a fine sonnet on Virgil to a discriminating plea for spelling reform and an inspiring characterization of Schiller as a "realist," bears testimony to the comprehensive and truly liberal spirit in which Calvin Thomas approached all scholarly questions, much as he liked to hide his deep human sympathies under a somewhat whimsically cynical manner. Above all, the papers reveal a personality of rare intellectual honesty and a genuine idealist's disdain for glittering phrases. They will be excellent reading for doctors of philosophy in the making.

The World of Today: The Marvels of Nature and the Creations of Man. Edited by Sir Harry Johnston and Dr. Haden Guest. In four volumes. Vols. I and II. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An indiscriminate feast of pictures and text which might have been called The Outline of Travel. The arrangement is by countries, and the treatment is popular though usually sound.

The Lake. By Margaret Ashmun. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A lowering, somber tale of hidden love hovering between tragedy and release; carried on a tide of intense and passionate writing which is strikingly appropriate to the theme.

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Operatic Illusion

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

AFTER hearing Maria Ivogün at Covent Garden one realizes how far our operatic standards have fallen from those she upholds. Here, at last, is a prima donna without the prima donna's bag of tricks! With her there is no striving for effects. Only beauty is sought, and the full expression of the music. To that end no phrase is slighted, no nuance overlooked, no fioratura, however light, left without meaning. And when she finally creates a sensation, as she almost invariably does, it is through the sheer perfection of her art.

In acting, too, she never stoops to the cheap, the tawdry, or the vulgar. Never to the stereotyped gestures of the stage. Rather she has caressing, clinging ways with her hands such as people in real life are apt to use. And she moves with extraordinary grace. Stamped with such inward sincerity, the automatons she must portray come to life. From lay figures that function only to sing arias they become sentient, human beings, breathing their emotions in song as inevitably as they could or would in speech. And by achieving this Ivogün achieves the only illusion, perhaps, that opera can give. In the legitimate drama of the theater life is usually presented as we know it—not only through the characters and events but through the ordinary medium of spoken words. In opera not only are the plots and dialogue incredible and the characters remote to our experience, but their very method of oral communication is unreal. Upon the individual artist, then, falls the double burden of illusion—the task of metamorphosing the sawdust creations of opera into flesh and blood and of transmuting the false medium of sung words into natural utterance.

It is this double test that Ivogün meets so supremely. Her Zerbinetta, in "Ariadne auf Naxos," is not the frightened-looking prima donna one usually associates with this difficult Strauss role, but a creature of piquancy and grace. So easily, indeed, does she toss off its difficulties that one almost forgets what a *tour de force* she has accomplished. In "Rigoletto," too, her Gilda, for the first time in my memory, reveals this heroine with a full and definite physiognomy. And for the first time, also, the Caro Nome takes its rightful place not as the *raison d'être* of her existence but as the climax of her tenderness.

Tenderness, indeed, is the keynote of Maria Ivogün's art. It inhabits every song she sings. It invests the coquetry of her Zerbinetta with a rare and elusive charm. And it dominates her Gilda—shyly, virginally, half yielding in the love scene, exquisitely and ecstatically in her great aria, poignantly in her shock and double grief. Distilled through such natural simplicity, through such an innate fineness of soul, whatever is false in the original concept disappears. And so she moves through a world of unreality, the only element of illusion.

It is because of such realism, perhaps, that most of her colleagues at Covent Garden have seemed like puppets. Yet they are the most representative gathering of operatic artists since the war. And in the four performances I heard them give there was some superb singing—in the Brünnhilde of Gertrude Kappel, the Sieglinde of Gota Ljungberg, the Ariadne of Lotta Lehmann, the Composer of Elizabeth Schumann, the Rigoletto of Cesare Formichi, and the Wotan of Friedrich Schorr. And, of course, by Ivogün. But, except for these last two, not one of these artists got wholly within the skin of his or her role.

One missed this particularly in the "Ring," for the "Ring" deals with the lives of gods and heroes, with people who live in two worlds—that which we know and that of the supernatural. James Stephens once told me that this was the greatest difficulty he found in transcribing Irish mythology: he had constantly to be crossing from one world to the other. Wagner, too, demands this from those who sing the roles in his "Ring," just as he has embodied this mystical atmosphere in his music. Bruno Walter brought this out of the score with great passion and beauty. It is not an atmosphere, however, that depends upon externals, as Schumann-Heink proved last year in recital when she sang the Erde scene from "Das Rheingold"; for without the aid of orchestra, scenery, or costumes she evoked a power and majesty that seemed to come from the depths of the earth. But then Schumann-Heink belongs to a generation of artists who had this imaginative gift to a superlative degree. I once asked her what gave them this distinction, on the whole, from the artists of our day. "Work!" she answered, "work, and no methods. Today," she continued, "everyone is born a great soprano, a great contralto, a great tenor. But they don't know how to put a chair on the stage." Olive Fremstad, however, perhaps came even nearer to the truth when she once confessed she had lived so long in her Wagnerian role that it had made her think and act differently from other people. For it is just this ability to live in a role or even in a song that marks the singer of genius from the singer of talent. The great artists of the past had it, and it is because Maria Ivogün also has it that she forms a link with this past.

Drama

Advice to an Actress

THERE is something peculiarly distressing in the spectacle of anyone in the grip of an excitement which we do not share. The wild gesture, the hysterical scream, and the tearful eye become, when we understand their cause, somehow justified and acceptable, but they are ugly things in themselves, and to watch them with cold detachment is to conceive a distaste not unmixed with contempt for those who are guilty of conduct so repulsively unaesthetic. Even moderately clever women are, in their private capacity, well aware of this important fact and they are not likely, for example, to weep in the presence of those who will take a wholly objective view. But actors and actresses are not always so wise. With an egotism which is not wholly understandable, they are inclined to think that the effect which they produce upon an audience is the result of their own actions more than of the play which explains them; and if certain emotional performances in a good play move the spectators to enthusiasm they cannot quite understand why the same trick transferred to a bad one should not seem equally impressive. The actor's play is notoriously a bad play. The actor, if his script calls for a goodly number of emotional outbursts, is not likely to care much about the whys or the wherefores; and he forgets that unless we can be made to feel that he ought to laugh or weep or shout he is, when he does so, not impressive but ridiculous.

The spectacle of Miss Elsie Ferguson in Molnar's ancient drama "Carnival" (Cort Theater) is responsible for the foregoing reflections. Once Miss Ferguson made for herself a reputation in an emotional role, and since then she has determined to be emotional at all cost. In the present play she waves her arms, she clenches her fists, she taps her feet, and her voice thrills with emotion; but no one can possibly care a whit because the play—all about a stunning lady who dreams of high adventure and steals the brightest jewel from a princess's crown—is about as near to any relationship with life as the marble-topped and plush-covered elegance of the scene in which it takes place is near to beauty. Its faded heroics no one can take seriously, and the unhappy actress who has ventured to resuscitate it is left, so far as the audience is concerned, in the position of a hysterical woman bewailing sorrows in whose reality or importance one cannot for a moment believe. She does not move one in the slightest degree, but she irritates profoundly.

Ill luck alone is hardly sufficient to account for the series of bad plays in which this once popular actress has appeared. Not even the recent rage for the works of Molnar is sufficient to account for any manager's digging up this one for production upon its own merit. When one considers the other plays

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in which Miss Ferguson has been appearing one is driven to the conviction that she has deliberately chosen them merely because she has fancied herself in the role of the grande dame, resplendent and adored, but romantically tragic withal. No greater pitfall opens before the actor who has achieved a certain popularity than the idea that to posture before an audience in some role flattering to his own vanity is to practice the art of acting. It is into this pitfall that Miss Ferguson seems to have stumbled. In the depths of her heart she does not, I fancy, really want to act. What she does want is to indulge in gratifying day-dreams of romantic grandeur, and she wants to do it before the eyes of an admiring public. It is a human weakness, merely an exaggeration of the almost universal love of strutting and posing a bit when we can, in the slang phrase, "get away with it"; but most have fortunately no opportunity to indulge it on a grand or expensive scale. If Miss Ferguson really wants to regain the fame she once had she will have to impose upon herself a little of the wholesome restraint which the average person must submit to. Let her stop seeking the play in which she can "see herself" too readily and too enthusiastically; let her see first of all a sincere work and, forgetting to a certain extent her own too beloved personality, attempt to interpret it. Then, perhaps, when her audiences can once more believe that her gestures and her emotions mean something, they will believe again that she is an important actress.

On the whole, the most agreeable event of the week was a high-spirited revival of "Patience" (Provincetown Theater). In it the indefatigable members of the Provincetown group, fresh from struggles with the gloomy profundities of Eugene O'Neill and Stark Young, clear their throats modestly and pipe with charming effect the insouciant melodies of Sullivan. Their production is in every respect a miniature one, but it fails in no respect to transmit the irrepressible gaiety of the piece. Time has made it possible to regard Gilbert, in reality the inveterate enemy of every contemporary movement in art or literature which had a fruitful future, as merely the satirist of "affectation"; and that means (as Remy de Gourmont once pointed out in connection with Molière) that he has become a classic. Even Greenwich Village can accept him as its own.

"Mrs. Partridge Presents" (Belmont Theater) undertakes to justify the right of youth to be commonplace if it likes. The conflict between an emancipated mother and her wholesomely mediocre children is by no means worked out as effectively as it might have been, and the play keeps itself alive more on lines than on situations. It is, however, genuinely even though tenuously amusing. Miss Blanche Bates plays the leading role with considerable fineness; Miss Ruth Gordon contributes a portrait of a romantic flapper which has nothing to do with the play but which, in itself, is priceless.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

English Repression and Indian Unity

THE Indian National movement for home rule has undergone great changes of leadership and method during the past twelve months. When the Indian National Congress met a year ago in December Gandhi was still in prison. The Swarajists under the leadership of Das and Nehru had gained such power that the non-cooperation ban on participation in government legislative councils was removed. After Gandhi's release from prison he declared this compromise inconsistent with the avowed policy of the Congress; non-violent non-cooperation did not mix with council-entry and obstruction of legislation. In December, 1924, the National Congress, with Mahatma Gandhi presiding, approved the so-called Calcutta Pact given below, between the Swarajists and Gandhi. This action meant the suspension of non-cooperation, and allows the Swarajists to represent the National Congress in the legislature.

Intervening events had had their effect. Following the Hindu-Moslem riots at Kohat in September Gandhi had fasted twenty-one days in penance for his own sins and those of his countrymen. This led Indians of all parties and creeds to stop and take thought. In the midst of this restlessness the Government claimed that it had discovered a terrorist conspiracy and took extreme measures to end it. An emergency ordinance was issued by the Executive Government and Regulation III of 1818 was resurrected; on this authority more than seventy men were arrested in Bengal, many of them prominent and respected Indians. This brought the two wings of the Nationalists together.

The Emergency Ordinance

The following text is from the Indian *Pioneer* of October 27:

Whereas an emergency has arisen which makes it necessary to supplement the ordinary criminal law in Bengal,

Now, therefore, in exercise of the power conferred by Section 72 of the Government of India Act, the Governor General is pleased to make and promulgate the following ordinance:

1. (1) This ordinance may be called the Bengal Criminal Law (Amendment) Ordinance, 1924. (2) It extends to the whole of Bengal.

2. In this ordinance, unless there is anything repugnant in the subject or context, "The Code" means the Code of Criminal Procedure, 1898.

3. (1) The local government may by order in writing direct that any person accused of any offense specified in the first schedule shall be tried by commissioners appointed under this ordinance. . . .

4. (1) Commissioners for the trial of persons under this ordinance shall be appointed by the local government. . . . (3) All trials under this ordinance shall be held by three commissioners, of whom at least two shall be persons who are serving, and have for a period of not less than three years served, as sessions judges or additional sessions judges, or are persons qualified under Sub-Section (3) of Section 101 of the Government of India Act for appointment of judges of a high court.

5. (1) Commissioners appointed under this ordinance may take cognizance of offenses without the accused being committed to them for trial and, in trying accused persons, shall record evidence in the manner prescribed in Section 356 of the Code, and shall, in other respects also, subject to this ordinance and to any rules made thereunder, follow the procedure prescribed by the Code for the trial of warrant cases by magistrates, provided that such commissioners shall not be bound to adjourn any trial for any purpose unless such adjournment is, in their opinion, necessary in the interests of justice. (2) In the event of any difference of opinion among the commissioners the opinion of the majority shall prevail.

6. (1) The commissioners may pass upon any person convicted by them any sentence authorized by law for the punishment of the offense of which such person is convicted. (2) If in any trial under this ordinance it is found that the accused person has committed any offense, whether such offense is or is not an offense specified in the first schedule, the commissioners may convict such person of such offense and pass any sentence authorized by law for the punishment thereof. . . .

8. (1) Commissioners trying an offense under this ordinance may, with a view to obtaining the evidence of any person supposed to have been directly concerned in or privy to the offense, tender a pardon to such person on condition of his making a full and true disclosure of the whole circumstances within his knowledge relative to the offense and to every other person concerned, whether as principal or abettor, in the commission thereof. . . .

9. (1) Any person convicted on a trial held by commissioners under this ordinance may appeal to the high court and such appeal shall be disposed of by the high court in the manner provided in Chapter 31 of the Code. (2) When the commissioners pass sentence of death the proceedings shall be submitted to the high court and the sentence shall not be executed unless it is confirmed by the high court.

10. Notwithstanding anything contained in the Indian Evidence Act 1 of 1872, when the statement of any person has been recorded by any magistrate, such statement may be admitted in evidence in any trial before commissioners appointed under this ordinance if such person is dead or cannot be found or is incapable of giving evidence, and the commissioners are of opinion that such death, disappearance, or incapacity has been caused in the interests of the accused. . . .

12. (1) Where, in the opinion of the local government, there are reasonable grounds for believing that any person (1) has acted, is acting, or is about to act in contravention of the provisions of the Indian Arms Act, 1878, or of the Explosive Substances Act, 1908; or (2) has committed, is committing, or is about to commit any offense specified in the second schedule; or (3) has acted, is acting, or is about to act with a view to interfere by violence or by threat of violence with the administration of justice, the local government, if it is satisfied that such person is a member or is being controlled or instigated by a member of any association of which the objects or methods include the doing of any of such acts or the commission of any of such offenses may by order in writing give all or any of the following directions, namely, that such person (a) shall notify his residence and any change of residence to such authority as may be specified in the order; (b) shall report himself to the police in such manner and at such period as may be so specified; (c) shall conduct himself in such manner or abstain from such acts as may be so specified; (d) shall reside or remain in any area in British India so specified; (e) shall not enter, reside in, or remain in any area specified in such order; (f) shall be committed to custody in any jail; provided that the local government shall not in an order under clause (d) or clause (f), specify an area or a jail outside Bengal without the previous sanction of the Governor General in Council.

(2) The local government, in its order under Sub-Section (1), may direct (a) the arrest without warrant of the person in respect of whom the order is made at any place where he may be found by any police officer or other officer of government to whom the order may be directed or indorsed by or

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under the general or special authority of the local government; (b) the search of any place specified in the order which in the opinion of the local government has been, is being, or is about to be used by such person for the purpose of doing any act or committing any offense of the nature described in Sub-Section (1). . . .

14. (1) Any officer of government authorized in this behalf by general or special order of the local government may arrest without warrant any person against whom a reasonable suspicion exists that he is a person in respect of whom an order might lawfully be made under Sub-Section (1) of Section 12.

(2) Any officers exercising the power conferred by Sub-Section (1) may at the time of making the arrest search any place and seize any property which is or is reasonably suspected of being used by such person for the purpose of doing any act or committing any offense of the nature described in Sub-Section (1) of Section 12.

(3) Any officer making an arrest under Sub-Section (1) shall forthwith report the fact to the local government and, pending receipt of the orders of the local government, may by order in writing commit any person so arrested to such custody as the local government may by general or special order specify in this behalf; provided that no person shall be detained in custody under this section for a period exceeding fifteen days, save under a special order of the local government, and no person shall in any case be detained in custody under this section for a period exceeding one month.

15. The local government and every officer of government to whom any copy of any order made under Section 12 has been directed or indorsed by or under the general or special authority of the local government and every officer exercising the powers conferred by Section 14 may use any and every means necessary to enforce the same.

16. Whoever, being a person in respect of whom an order has been made under Sub-Section (1) of Section 12, knowingly disobeys any direction in such order shall be punishable with imprisonment for a term which may extend to three years and shall also be liable to fine.

17. (1) Every person in respect of whom an order has been made under Sub-Section (1) of Section 12 shall, if so directed by any officer authorized in this behalf by general or special order of the local government, (a) permit himself to be photographed; (b) allow his finger-impressions to be taken; (c) furnish such officer with specimens of his handwriting and signature; (d) attend at such times and places as such officer may direct for all or any of the foregoing purposes.

(2) If any person fails to comply with or attempts to avoid any direction given in accordance with the provisions of Sub-Section (1), he shall be punishable with imprisonment for a term which may extend to six months or with fine, which may extend to Rs.1,000, or with both. . . .

19. (1) Within one month from the date of the issue of an order by the local government under Sub-Section (1) of Section 12, the local government shall place before two persons, who shall be either sessions judges or additional judges having in either case exercised for at least five years the powers of a sessions judge or additional sessions judge, the material facts and circumstances in its possession on which the order has been based or which are relevant to the inquiry, together with any materials relating to the case which may have subsequently come into its possession, and a statement of the allegations against the person in respect of whom the order has been made and his answers to them, if furnished by him; and the said judges shall consider the said material facts and circumstances and the allegations and answers and shall report to the local government whether or not in their opinion there is lawful and sufficient cause for the order.

(2) On receipt of the said report the local government shall consider the same and shall pass such order thereon as appears to the local government to be just or proper.

(3) Nothing in this section shall entitle any person against whom an order has been made under Sub-Section (1) of Section 12 to appear or to act by pleader in any matter connected with the reference to the said judges; and the proceedings and report of the said judges shall be confidential. . . .

24. (1) No suit, prosecution or other legal proceeding shall lie against any person for anything which is in good faith done or intended to be done under this ordinance. . . .

(Signed) READING,
Viceroy and Governor General

THE JUSTIFICATION

Lord Reading, Viceroy and Governor General, on October 25 issued a statement in defense of this extraordinary act, beginning as follows:

It is a matter of common knowledge that a revolutionary conspiracy existed during the years 1912-1917, which has left the most poignant memories of the misery and terror it created throughout Bengal. All other methods of dealing with this conspiracy having been tried without avail, it was not suppressed until its leaders were confined under the provisions of Regulation III of 1818, and many of its subordinate members dealt with under the Defense of India Act. After the royal proclamation of 1919, most of these persons were released. Many forsook their connection with revolutionary crime and have not since returned to it.

To the remainder, who have since shown themselves to be irreconcilable, the amnesty was, after the institution of the reformed system of government, gradually extended in the hope that under a new political era they would recognize the duties and the advantages of good citizenship. This hope has not been realized. The majority of these still retained their faith in the efficacy of violence and assassination as political weapons. They speedily returned to their old methods and reorganized their old associations, taking care only to avoid the mistakes to which they attributed their previous failure.

During the years 1920 to 1922 they carried on their activities under the cloak of the political movements then in progress, recruiting their followers and perfecting their organization with a view to future action when opportunity offered. Toward the end of 1922 the leaders of these conspiracies, believing that their objects would not be attained by the methods of the non-cooperation movement, decided to revert to methods of violence. The two main terrorist organizations had now been resuscitated, new members in large numbers were recruited, arms and ammunition (partly of a kind which cannot be obtained in India and must therefore have been smuggled from abroad) were collected. . . .

During the year 1923 a series of outrages was perpetrated, including a dacoity with double murder at Kona, near Howrah, and the looting of the Ultadingi post office in May, a robbery with murder in July, the Sankaritola murder, and others which I need not specify. In January of the present year Mr. Day was murdered in Calcutta, and an attempt was made to murder Mr. Bruce in April, in both cases, as it appears, in mistake for a prominent and distinguished police official. In March a bomb factory was discovered and other activities directed to the manufacture of bombs and the illicit collection of arms were detected. It is known that other crimes were planned and that projects of assassination continued and still continue to be devised. I say nothing of other deplorable events which are now under judicial investigation.

Evidence has been placed before me which shows to my satisfaction that the movement is deep-seated and dangerous. . . .

THE CALCUTTA PACT

These arrests led to agreement among the conflicting Indian parties; the "Calcutta Pact," signed by the leaders of the Swarajists and non-cooperators, was printed in the *Hindustan Times* for November 8, 1924:

We, the undersigned, strongly recommend the following

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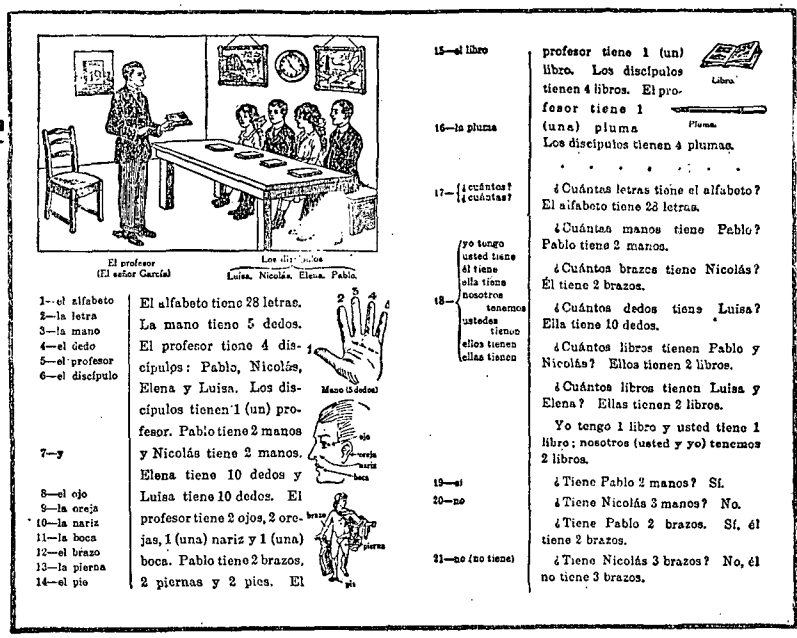

El profesor (El señor García)

Los discípulos Luisa. Nicolás. Elena. Pablo.

1—el alfabeto
2—la letra
3—la mano
4—el dedo
5—el profesor
6—el discípulo
7—y
8—el ojo
9—la oreja
10—la nariz
11—la boca
12—el brazo
13—la pierna
14—el pie

El alfabeto tiene 28 letras. La mano tiene 5 dedos. El profesor tiene 4 discípulos: Pablo, Nicolás, Elena y Luisa. Los discípulos tienen 1 (un) profesor. Pablo tiene 2 manos y Nicolás tiene 2 manos. Elena tiene 10 dedos y Luisa tiene 10 dedos. El profesor tiene 2 ojos, 2 orejas, 1 (una) nariz y 1 (una) boca. Pablo tiene 2 brazos, 2 piernas y 2 pies. El

Mano (5 dedos)

ojo — oreja — nariz — boca

brazo — pierna — pie

15—el libro
16—la pluma
17—¿cuántos? ¿cuántas?
18—yo tengo / usted tiene / él tiene / ella tiene / nosotros tenemos / ustedes tienen / ellos tienen / ellas tienen
19—sí
20—no
21—no (no tiene)

profesor tiene 1 (un) libro. Los discípulos tienen 4 libros. El profesor tiene 1 (una) pluma Los discípulos tienen 4 plumas.

Libro — Pluma

¿Cuántas letras tiene el alfabeto? El alfabeto tiene 28 letras.

¿Cuántas manos tiene Pablo? Pablo tiene 2 manos.

¿Cuántos brazos tiene Nicolás? Él tiene 2 brazos.

¿Cuántos dedos tiene Luisa? Ella tiene 10 dedos.

¿Cuántos libros tienen Pablo y Nicolás? Ellos tienen 2 libros.

¿Cuántos libros tienen Luisa y Elena? Ellas tienen 2 libros.

Yo tengo 1 libro y usted tiene 1 libro; nosotros (usted y yo) tenemos 2 libros.

¿Tiene Pablo 2 manos? Sí.

¿Tiene Nicolás 3 manos? No.

¿Tiene Pablo 2 brazos. Sí, él tiene 2 brazos.

¿Tiene Nicolás 3 brazos? No, él no tiene 3 brazos.

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for adoption by all parties and eventually by the Congress at Belgaum:

The Congress should suspend the program of non-cooperation as the nation's program except in so far as it relates to the refusal to use or wear cloth made out of India.

The Congress should further resolve that different classes of work of the Congress may be done as may be found necessary by different sections within the Congress and should resolve that the spread of handspinning, handweaving, and all the antecedent processes, and the spread of handspun and handwoven khaddar and the promotion of unity between different communities, specially between Hindus and Mohammedans, and the removal of untouchability by the Hindus from among them should be carried on by all sections within the Congress, and the work in connection with the central and provincial legislatures should be carried on by the Swarajya Party on behalf of the Congress and as an integral part of the Congress organization, and for such work the Swarajya Party should make its own rules and raise and administer its own funds.

Inasmuch as experience has shown that without universal spinning India cannot become self-supporting regarding her clothing requirements, and inasmuch as handspinning is the best and the most tangible method of establishing a visible and substantial bond between the masses and congressmen and women, and in order to popularize hand-spinning and its product khaddar, the Congress should repeal Article 7 of the Congress constitution and should substitute the following therefor:

"No one shall be a member of any Congress committee or organization who is not of the age of 18 and who does not wear handspun and handwoven khaddar at political and Congress functions, or while engaged in Congress business, and does not make a contribution of 2,000 yards of evenly spun yarn per month of his or her own spinning or in case of illness, unwillingness, or any such cause a like quantity of even yarn spun by any other person."

M. K. GANDHI, C. R. DAS, MOTILAL NEHRU

THE ALL PARTIES' RESOLUTIONS

At the All Parties' Conference held in Bombay, according to the Bombay *Chronicle* of November 24, the following resolutions were adopted:

I. While firmly of opinion that anarchical organizations can never secure Swaraj to the people of India, and while disapproving and condemning most emphatically such organizations if any, this conference, representing all classes and communities of India and every variety of political opinion, views with strongest disapproval and condemns the action of the Governor General in promulgating the Criminal Law Amendment Ordinance of 1924, as such extraordinary measures, being a direct invasion upon individual liberty, should not have been enacted without the sanction of the legislature and as it easily lends itself, at the hands of the Executive, to grave abuses resulting in implicating innocent persons and in interfering with constitutional political activity, as past experience of similar measures has repeatedly demonstrated.

This conference urges the immediate withdrawal of the ordinance, and the trial, if necessary and in accordance with the ordinary law, of the persons detained under it.

This conference further urges that Regulation III of 1818, which gives the Government powers of arresting and confining persons suspected of public crimes, without warrant, without trial, and without statement of reasons for such arrest and confinement, should be forthwith withdrawn.

This conference records its conviction that the present political situation in India is due to the denial of just rights, long overdue, of the people, and that the speedy establishment of Swaraj is the only effective remedy therefor.

II. This conference appoints a committee consisting of the gentlemen named below to consider the best way of reuniting all political parties in the National Congress and to prepare a scheme of Swaraj including the solution of Hindu-Moslem and like questions in their political aspects, and to report not later than March 31, 1925, and to convene this conference at a date not later than April 15, 1925, the report of the committee to be published in the press a fortnight before the conference.

Contributors to This Issue

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NO MORE SEATS

For The Nation's *dinner on January 23. Reservations made after January 12 had to be declined,*

BUT

there is still room at the dinner on February 13. Subject: Do Americans Speak English? Speakers: William Hard, Carl Van Doren, and others. Seats, $2.50 each, at the office of The Nation. *Reservations can be made only by subscribers.*

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